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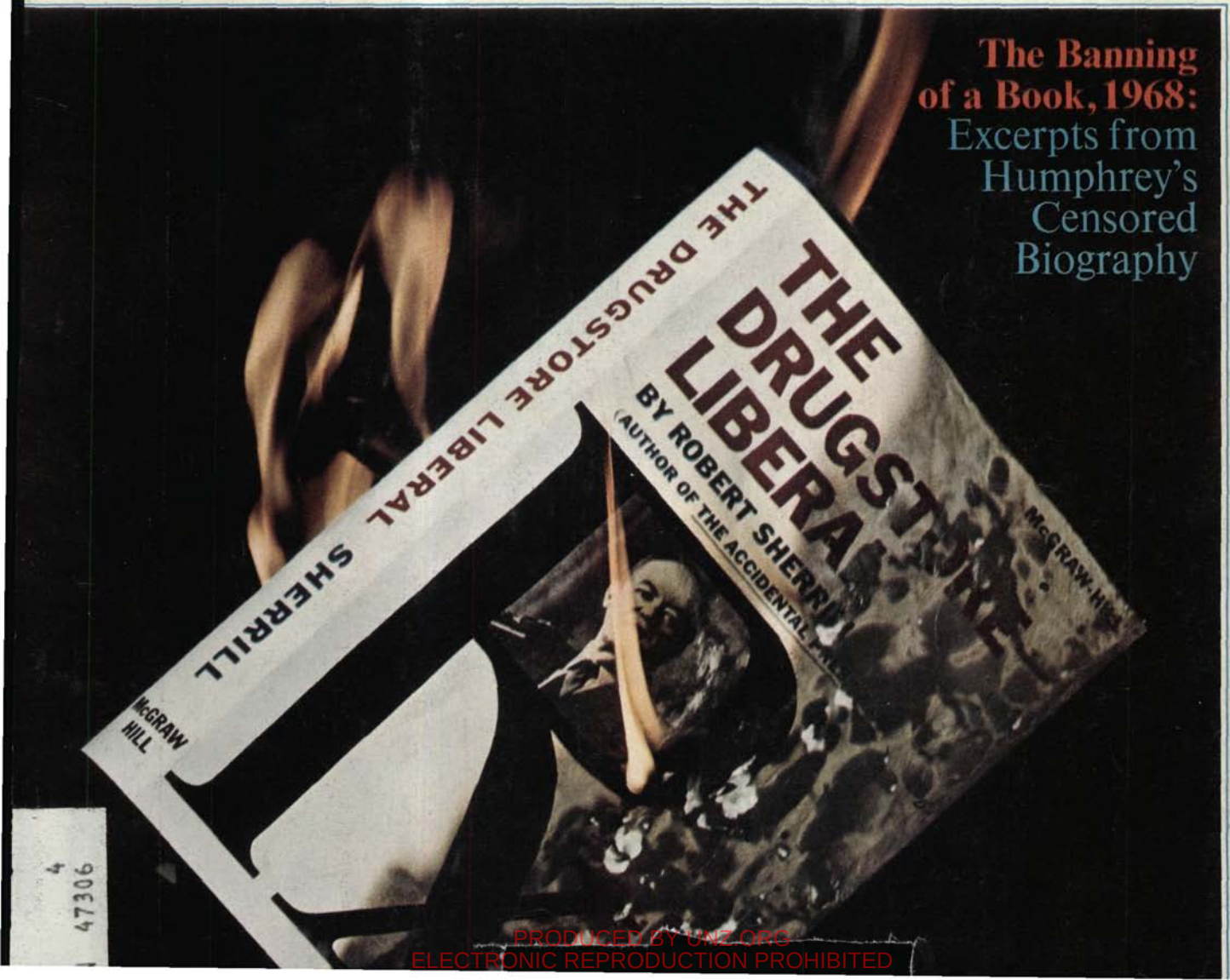

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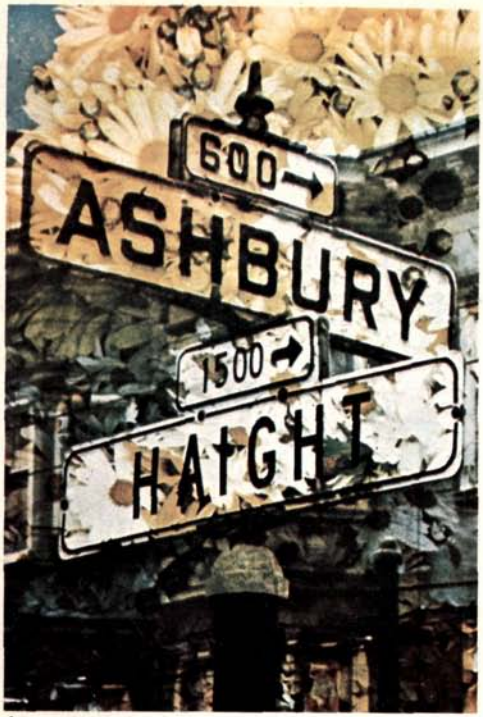

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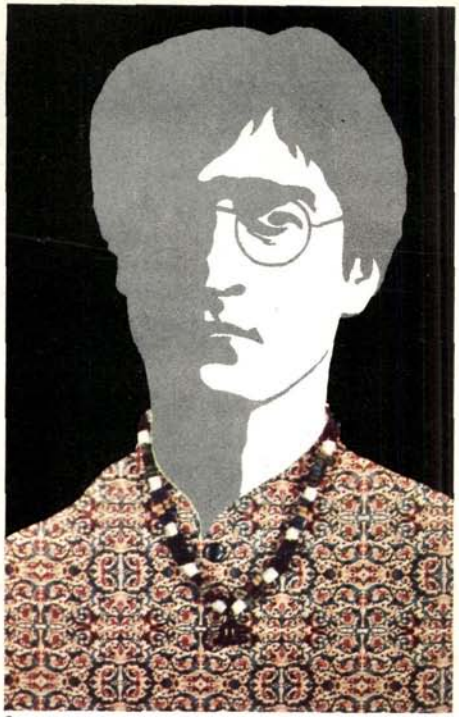
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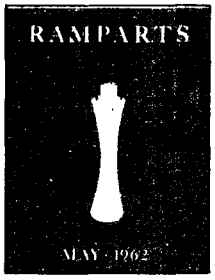

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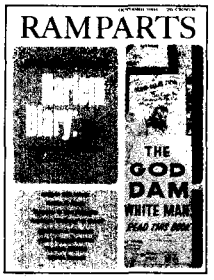

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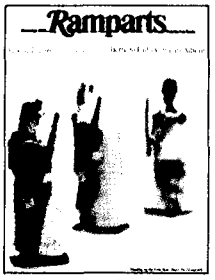

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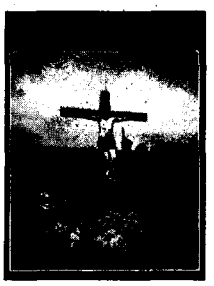
JANUARY 1967

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Apologia:

THE ROGUE'S GALLERY of covers above shows the metamorphosis of RAMPARTS from its cocoon as a Catholic literary quarterly in 1962 to its emergence as the first left-of-center commercial magazine in the country's history. (Orwell would undoubtedly have considered such phraseology as "left-of-center" sloppy and inaccurate, which indeed it is [as most publications presumed in the "center" are really to the right], but since we will be competing as a biweekly with both the National Review and Look, we think it should be made clear where we stand in such a spectrum.)

There is no secret about what RAMPARTS has done. It has used the same tools as, say, Time—color, professionalism, slickness, large distribution—to achieve essentially the opposite results, challenging rather than reinforcing stereotyped ideas, promoting dissent rather than putting it down.

The significance of RAMPARTS' experiment is tied to the question of freedom in a mass society. The Bill of Rights has been outdated in many areas by technology. The freedoms of speech represented by the right to speak from a soapbox or pass out handbills on a street corner are but atavistic guarantees when the opinions of the entire society are conditioned and manipulated by an all-pervasive mass media.

As a biweekly we plan to escalate RAMPARTS' past journalistic achievements—which showed just what a magazine unfettered by the politics of purse strings can accomplish in modern-day America. RAMPARTS was the *first* national publication to consistently reveal the ribbon of lies about America's involvement in Vietnam wrapping up various "reasonable" packages that most of the press and the public at large accepted until quite recently; we exposed the CIA's unlicensed, manipulative intrusion into America's domestic life; we warned, years before the Kerner report, that white racism was at the base of America's racial problems; we blasted away at the corroded institutions of Cold War liberalism.

The notoriety that RAMPARTS received for such reports only reflected the fact that nobody else was bothering, or daring, to do investigative reporting which might uncover facts necessarily challenging the basic policies of the government.

The classic example of the psychological predisposition of the press not to dig deeper than necessary was during the early stage of America's involvement in Vietnam. From 1955, when America installed the despot Diem, until the early 1960's when the press was forced to pay attention to Buddhists burning themselves in the streets, *not one story* about the real nature of the dictatorial, Catholic-favorist Diem regime appeared anywhere in the American press.

RAMPARTS' PURPOSE AS A MAGAZINE is to shatter that predisposition to treat the secret covenants of government and power as sacrosanct, and it has had continual financial problems because it has been so effective in that goal. As we broke one explosive story after another and took unpopular stands on major issues, we consistently lost both advertisers and investors who either disagreed with the magazine or became afraid to be associated with it.

The result was that the editors spent the time between issues dashing about the country borrowing money, which is one hell of a way to run a magazine.

The problems conditioned by this constant and elusive search for operating capital led us to the realization, quite recently, that we could never have financial independence until we reached a point where we would not be dependent on advertisers or investors to subsidize RAMPARTS beyond its circulation revenue.

That led us to the publishing plan which we institute with this issue (details are on p.61): to turn the economic independence of RAMPARTS over to our readers by charging enough to pay for the cost of publication.

That way it is our readers—not bankers, investors or advertisers—who will determine RAMPARTS' future in American publishing. That is how it should be, and the only way, really, that RAMPARTS will remain inviolate and honest.

It does not take much as money goes—only $15 a year, and 75 cents a copy on newsstands every two weeks. But the principle of reader-financing (you may call it Reader Power) is revolutionary.

If that sounds like a pitch, you've got the right idea. We are doing our job—in fact escalating it—because that is what we believe the times demand. The rest is up to the people who now know what RAMPARTS has been up against and what there is to do about it.—W.H.

In this issue:

COLUMBIA: *An Exclusive Report*	*page 26*
THE OTHER WEEK	*page 8*
PEOPLE NOT IN THE NEWS	*page 15*
ESSAYS	*page 17*
BACK-OF-THE-BOOK	*page 53*
CORRESPONDENCE	*page 62*

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Cover photograph by Baron Wolman and John Williams

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1. B. B. King

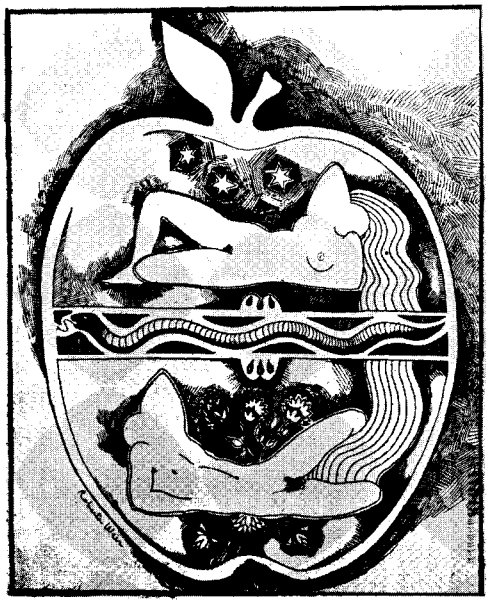
2. Jim Morrison — full color

3. Janis Joplin

4. Squat

6. She Comes In Colors — full color

7. Bob Dylan — blue/white



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Satisfied

Pictured above is a subscriber to **Avant-Garde**, the new bimonthly magazine. The lady has just finished reading her latest issue and, as usual, she's satisfied.

Small wonder. Reading **Avant-Garde** is quite an experience. It is total immersion in sensual pleasure. A graphic arts freak-out. Rolling nude in the snow after a sauna. A first bite of cotton candy. Dalliance in a garden of earthly delights. Somersaulting down Main Street. Love on a mink blanket. A waft of frankincense and myrrh. The tinkling of wind chimes. A kiss in an elevator. An orgasm of the mind.

What makes **Avant-Garde** such a carnival of the senses? How does it differ from other magazines? The answer is threefold:

First of all, there's **Avant-Garde**'s editorial policy. No other magazine pursues a policy of such *complete and absolute freedom of creative expression.* **Avant-Garde** steadfastly refuses to sacrifice creative genius on the altar of "morality" (the motto of the magazine is "Down with bluenoses, blue laws, and blue pencils"). America's writers, artists, and photographers appreciate this and bring to **Avant-Garde** the works they know other publications lack the courage to print. Thus **Avant-Garde** serves—consistently—as a showcase for the novella that is "too daring," the poem that is "too sensuous," the cartoon that is "too satirical," the reportage that is "too graphic," the opinion that is "too candid," the photograph that is "too explicit." **Avant-Garde** is proud of its reputation as the National Liberation Front of American arts and letters.

Second, **Avant-Garde** devastates readers with its mind-blowing beauty. It brings to the printed page a transcendental new kind of high. This is achieved through a combination of pioneering printing methods and the inspiration of Lennart Anderssen, **Avant-Garde**'s Creative Director (who is, incidentally, the world's foremost graphic designer).

Third, **Avant-Garde** is distinguished by the awesome talent of its contributors. No other magazine can boast such an impressive roster of artists, writers, and photographers. Not only does **Avant-Garde** feature works by such acknowledged masters as Picasso, Dali, Avedon, Miller, Mailer, Ginsberg, Tynan, Roald Dahl, Rexroth, Updike, David Levine, Leonard Baskin, Bert Stern, Genet, Beckett, Sartre, Burroughs, Yevtushenko, Warhol, *et al.*, but, perhaps more important, it hunts down the wild cats who will be the literary lions of tomorrow.

In short, **Avant-Garde** is a magazine prepared by the avant-garde for the avant-garde. It's the banner of the enlightened minority.

Subscriptions to **Avant-Garde** are not cheap. They can't be. **Avant-Garde** is extremely costly to produce. It is printed by time-consuming sheet-fed gravure and offset lithography on the finest antique and coated papers. It is bound in 12-point Frankote boards for permanent preservation. It more closely resembles an expensive art folio than a magazine. Ordinarily, subscriptions to **Avant-Garde** sell for $10 per year.

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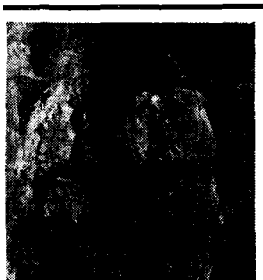

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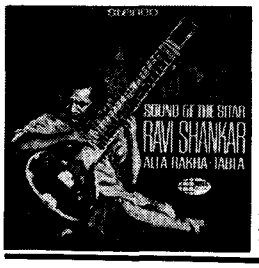

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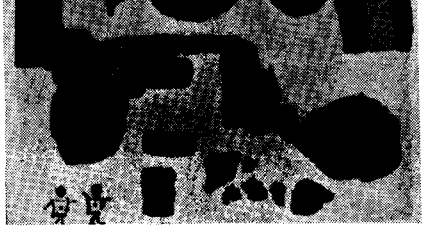

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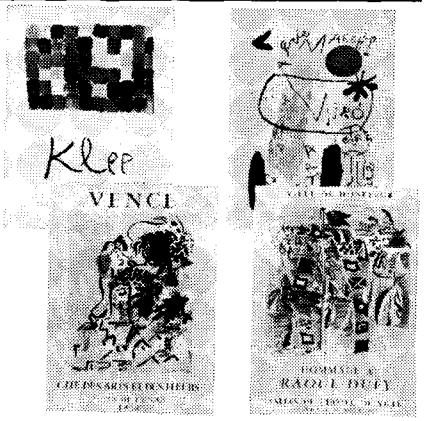

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The Other Week

THE SECRET GOVERNMENT

The CIA's Flourishing Opium Trade

SOME FUSS HAS BEEN kicked up in a few (a very few) newspapers over a report that Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky of South Vietnam, the erstwhile premier, once smuggled some opium from Laos to Saigon while working for the CIA.

The report, written by an American who was on the scene, was secreted to the Associated Press by a Senate subcommittee on foreign aid expenditures with the word that it is considered "highly reliable." It deals with the flying of saboteurs into North Vietnam in 1963 and 1964, an operation in which the CIA used some Vietnamese air crews.

Ky at the time was commander of the air force, and, the report says, "Colonel Ky took advantage of his situation to fly opium from Laos to Saigon. Of course the CIA removed Colonel Ky. . . ."

Sure they did. It's not easy to defend the swashbuckling admirer of Hitler and virtual dictator of South Vietnam, and of course two wrongs don't make a right—but if Ky *didn't* smuggle opium when he was flying for the CIA, there are a great many other pilots who do not share his scruples.

Opium is, and has been for years, the largest export item from Laos, where it is the principal cash crop of the Meo who migrated to northern Laos from China a century or so ago.

Back in the days when there was such a thing as the Indochina Government General, about 15 per cent of its income came from the French near-monopoly in opium. Today the Meo operate a little differently, with fewer middlemen in Bangkok and Vientiane; instead, they use the CIA.

The Southeast Asia drug traffickers are a heterogenous lot. There's a band of old colonial Europeans who have somehow survived; they are headed by a Corsican pirate. There are Chinese merchants in Bangkok and in the north of Thailand. There is that notorious gang of old Kuomintang soldiers who took up residence in the area years ago, after an ill-fated CIA adventure in China's Yünnan province; these Chinese still maintain their own airstrips.

At least until recently, staff members of the International Control Commission in Laos (Canadians, Indians and Poles) were dealing themselves pieces of the opium action too, flying around in white helicopters without hindrance.

Today, though, the traffic is mostly American—to the disgust of Europeans and others in Vientiane and Bangkok who have been squeezed out. Dotted about the hills of Laos are more than 150 "AID projects" so named because ostensibly it's the Agency for International Development that runs the operations. Rice is dropped—along with radio equipment, guns, ammunition, grenades and gold—by the CIA's Air America, or by Continental Air Service, a subsidiary of Continental Airlines which is under contract to the CIA.

Many of the "AID projects" are Meo villages—the Meo rarely live below 3500 feet—and when CIA pilots bring in ammunition, they sometimes take out opium. Because a number of middlemen are eliminated, the pilots pay more than the Meo used to get (and that, in turn, means a bigger cut for Meo leaders and Lao officials). Payment is usually made in gold bars, sometimes in dollars or precious stones.

One hundred kilo barrels of raw opium are difficult to hide even for the CIA, but on an island in the Mekong River is a factory run by an Austrian where the opium is refined to the powdery morphine base which takes up only a tenth of the space. Air America flies it to the giant United States base at Udon Thani or the smaller base at Nakhon Phanom in Thailand, to Chieng Mai, Bangkok, Danang, Saigon. It never leaves the loading area of the air base; the harmless-looking suitcases or crates move from one aircraft to another, shuttling toward their ultimate destination (with money changing hands at every step) via Taiwan or the Philippines to Hong Kong or Singapore, where it is turned into heroin.

There are reports that heroin itself is now being manufactured in Laos; if so, our Terry-and-the-Pirates heroes are making just that much more money.

MAN OF THE WEEK

THE GRAND DRAGON of the Georgia United Klans of America, Inc., Calvin Craig, announced on Sunday, April 28, that he is quitting his job to devote his time to building a nation in which "black men and white men can stand shoulder to shoulder in a united America."

GERMANY

The Americanization of Herr Springer

PRESS LORD AXEL SPRINGER was the target of bloody student protests all over West Germany last month because he is a symbol to the young Germans of their society's authoritarian institutions; but he also illustrates America's responsibility and complicity in shaping those institutions.

Springer, whose press monopoly controls 40 per cent of the circulation of all daily newspapers in West Germany (70 per cent in Berlin) is an avid supporter of America's war policies in Vietnam. It's entirely possible that this support may be simply payment on an old debt.

As the architects of Germany's reconstruction, the American military government after World War II systematically created an effectively anti-communist press at the same time that it was constructing an anti-communist polit-

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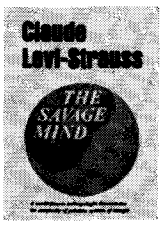

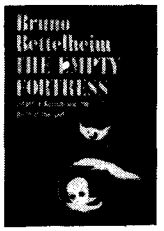

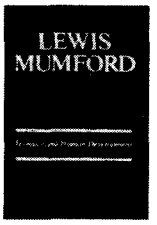

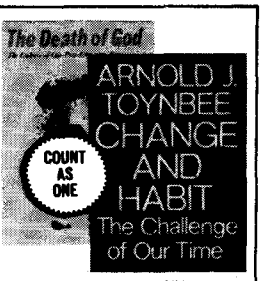

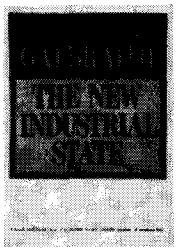

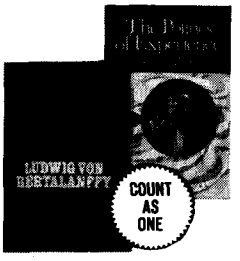

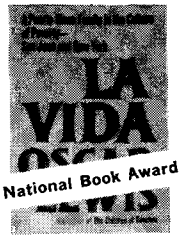

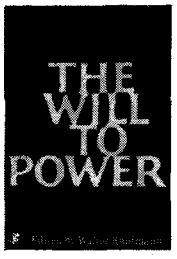

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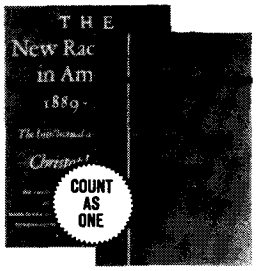

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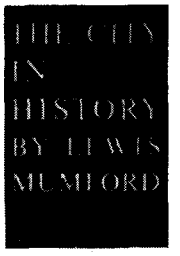

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ical environment. Throughout the 1950's the media licensed by the Allied authorities were willing instruments in this struggle. This is when Springer rose from the postwar rubble to become the monopolist power in the German press.

What America was doing in Germany was exposed by, of all people, the late Senator Joe McCarthy, who early in 1953 was gunning for the State Department and the CIA, unable to distinguish between their relatively subtle anti-communism—based on the use of anti-communist Social Democrats—and his own crude variety. At the receiving end of McCarthy's zeal was Hans Wallenberg, a German expatriate and naturalized American citizen, who was editing Die Neue Zeitung, one of the mass circulation newspapers completely financed by the U.S. government.

Wallenberg dismissed McCarthy's charges—that the U.S.-financed news program had been infiltrated by "communist fronters"—as baseless and absurd, as did several officials of the U.S. High Commission in Germany; but those officials had to defend what they were doing: they had administered a sizable revolving fund "to assist newspapers which support democracy in West Germany," and it was, after all, our money.

"Out of 96 loans made from this fund," officials argued at the time, "only one gave us any trouble." That one was a publisher who, although he had no part in preparing it, allowed a communist publication to be printed in his plant after he, the publisher, had received a loan of 300,000 marks from the fund. The Commission's director of Public Affairs, Shepard Stone, talked the publisher into giving the money back.

By definition, even then West Germany's freedom of the press didn't mean freedom for radical viewpoints. Many of the men connected with the U.S. effort are still around, promoting their brand of anti-communism and pro-Americanism, and some of them are still working with Axel Springer: Stone, for instance.

After his work with the U.S. military government, "Shep" Stone went to the Ford Foundation, where he was known as "the man to see" for those groups trying to wean themselves away from open CIA support and glean some "clean" money. Recently, Stone returned to Europe as head of the new Association for Cultural Freedom—successor to the Congress for Cultural Freedom, a long-time CIA front which has changed its name but not its program and is now supported by some of that "clean" money from Ford.

Hans Wallenberg, who left the employment of the official government as Die Neue Zeitung was phased out, worked for a while in New York as a public relations man for the Springer group and then returned to Germany to join the expanding Springer empire in a top managerial post. In 1962, Wallenberg became general manager and president of the Berlin Institute for Mass Communications in Developing Countries. Axel Springer was chairman of the board. The institute received its major financial support in the form of a $200,000 grant from the Hobby Foundation—a CIA conduit. Axel Springer himself joined in with $25,000, and the Berlin Senate added $37,500.

German aid in the Third World is specifically designed to open new markets for German industry; and Axel Springer's institute is specifically designed to groom journalists who will correctly interpret this development to their countrymen.

The Springer press monopoly was allowed to grow and prosper under American policies—policies which simultaneously narrowed the potential competition—and Springer repays the U.S. by helping to mold communications media in the Third World. When the students attacked the Springer press, they were—and they knew it—attacking one of official America's best friends in Germany and one of its closest collaborators in desperately trying to maintain the Cold War.

SPORTS

AS EVERYONE WHO'S interested knows by now, the International Olympic Committee has voted to ban South Africa from the 1968 Games in Mexico City after all [see RAMPARTS, May 1968]. We were particularly charmed by the announcement made in Lausanne, Switzerland, by committee president Avery Brundage. Said Mr. Brundage:

"Facts, right or wrong, must be faced."

THE BLACKS

Black Tower

AT TIMES THE autobiographical writings of W.E.B. DuBois read like love letters to his boyhood home, Great Barrington, Massachusetts. But the love is unrequited: the good people of Great Barrington have mobilized against a proposed memorial to the great scholar in this, the centenary year of his birth.

They object, of course, to DuBois' communist affiliation, ignoring his achievements as a writer, historian and civil rights leader. "If a man changes his mind to communism," State Senator George D. Hammond says, "it discredits all that came earlier."

They also resent the fact that the memorial was conceived by outsiders—Walter Wilson, a white real estate man from East Chatham, New York, and Edward W. Gordon, a black professor of educational psychology at Yeshiva University. But the idea was not likely to have come from the town itself where, according to William F. Bell of The Berkshire Eagle, 90 per cent of the people hadn't heard of DuBois until the American Legion and the Knights of Columbus began tearing into him.

The 6624 citizens of Great Barrington should therefore be informed that DuBois is not the only skeleton in their historical closet. Down the broad Main Street, whose maples and elms DuBois so affectionately recalled, a mob chased bewigged royal judges from the courthouse—the first act of open, violent resistance to British rule in America—on August 18, 1774.

SEX

Indiscretion in Lisbon

THE PORTUGUESE PRESS, tightly controlled by the country's austere Puritan-Catholic dictator, Antonio Salazar, is fond of long and virulent comments on the decadence of life in such swinging places as Great Britain and the United States. Recently, however, details have been filtering out through some of the tightest press censorship anywhere in the world about the decadence of life among the swinging leaders of Portugal.

The whole thing started with a prosti-

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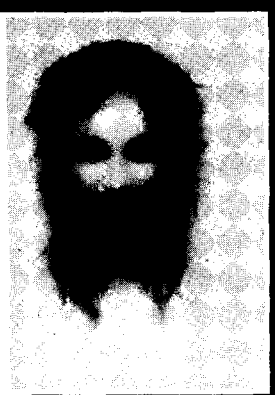
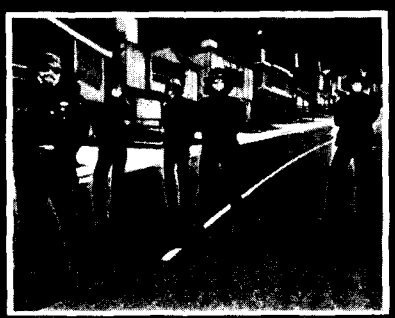
(Big Bro. & Holding Co.)



6. **Musten Baba**
23x35

7. **Malcolm X**
23x29



8. **Grateful Dead**
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9. **Mutant**
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tution investigation in 1966, which quickly turned into a scramble to cover up prominent names and, not incidentally, an excuse to remove from circulation one prominent opponent of the government.

What the police found was a plush fashion emporium in the Rua Marques da Fronteira, No. 4a, where, on the seventh floor, prominent Portuguese have been wont to disport themselves in various interesting ways with a group of girls, the oldest of whom was 15 and the youngest nine. The Portuguese government has allowed some expendable names to come out—including those of an Italian prince, a major landowner, a bank director and former diplomat Manuel Anselmo, now fallen from favor despite a long history of fascism. But a German magazine says that there were others involved: the minister of Economic Affairs, minister of the Navy and minister of the Interior among them.

Even the prominent Portuguese whose names have been released in Lisbon were never called to testify at the trials that have been held—much less arrested. The government did, however, arrest attorney Mario Soares, a longtime opponent of Salazar who since 1946 has had 11 other arrests. Soares—who is now in restricted residence on the island of Sao Tome off the west coast of Africa—wasn't arrested for horsing around with nine-year-old girls but because they think he's the one that gave the cabinet members' names to the foreign press.

WALL STREET

Beware of the Police-Industrial Complex

THE NEW AMERICANA HOTEL on New York's West Side was recently the meeting site for a unique group: men planning to make their fortunes from the waves of ghetto rebellions sweeping the nation. Before the embers of the burned-out stores on Washington's 14th Street had stopped smoldering, the new "crime protection industry" was featured and displayed to the institutional and private investment clients of Bear, Stearns and Company, a brokerage house. Officials from firms involved in "crime protection" addressed the group, emphasizing the fine growth prospects for their companies. Local police officials also appeared; their words must have warranted close attention from the investors.

The "crime protection industry," as Bear, Stearns and Company designated it, is really a catchall term for firms involved in everything from providing plant and industrial guards to supplying Mace, armored cars and the vicious Stoner guns to local police departments.

Old "established" firms like Pinkertons', Inc. (which got its start busting unions for mine owners and railroad companies back in the 1880's), the William J. Burns Detective Agency and Wackenhut Corporation, dominate a $1.2 billion market providing guards and security systems for plants, banks and government installations.

Other big corporations are looking for a percentage of the new market. The Big Three auto companies hope to sell more cars as police cruisers to local departments. Computer firms like IBM and Sperry Rand see a potential for sales in information retrieval and communication systems for the men in blue. Textile giants already sell uniforms by the tens of thousands.

The wave of rebellions over the last four years has stimulated new entries into the industry looking for quick profits. Most are small defense contractors hoping to sell modifications of weapons built originally for the Department of Defense. Most of the more exotic and frightening weapons come from this source.

Investors with sizable stock holdings in these firms must have made a killing on the stock exchange in April. The stocks soared following the rebellions after King's assassination.

Bear, Stearns told its clients that "the crime protection industry has evolved into a big professionally conducted and highly successful operation." Industry experts estimate a market of $2.5 billion. There are over 40,000 police agencies across the country, employing close to 400,000 uniformed and nonuniformed personnel. And they are growing rapidly.

Lyndon Johnson's Safe Streets Bill plays a key role in industry plans. The law enforcement market now suffers from tightfisted city councils and county supervisors who keep police budgets down, complains the industry. Although fear of looters loosens the purse strings somewhat, only massive new funds will really expand the market.

The hope is that the $100 million appropriation for the Safe Streets Bill (it is allocated this time for planning grants to local police departments, crime laboratories and the training of tactical anti-riot units) will be just the beginning of federal aid to police departments. The International Association of Chiefs of Police, a hard-working lobby for the bill, confides in its publication, The Police Chief, that Lyndon Johnson wants to appropriate $2 billion in the next five years to improve police work.

The Bangor Punta conglomerate looks like a sure thing to grab a big hunk of the increased sales of "crime protection equipment." Its planners started building a law enforcement division with their

BUSINESS

Fire Sale

ROVING GANGS OF BUSINESSMEN roamed the streets of Newark after the assassination of Martin Luther King, vigorously but not indiscriminately setting fire to business establishments: their own.

Newark Fire Director John P. Caufield told the New York Times that a number of fires were "set for insurance profit and blamed on Negro rioters," and added, "I suspect that there were a lot more fraud fires than we even know about." He has asked insurance companies to withhold payments where there is suspicion of mercantile self-immolation.

In the meantime in Chicago, Mayor Daley described arson as "the most hideous crime," and ordered police to "shoot to kill" arsonists. It remains to be seen just how vigorously police will apply this order to profit-motivated white pyromaniacs.

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STOP SMOKING FOREVER

Over and over again we hear that tobacco is the cause of 98% of all lung cancer cases. Recent studies show that one out of every four smokers is a potential victim of this dread disease. Yes, tobacco is the most deadly poison developed by our civilization. Aside from lung cancer, cigarettes are the cause of other extremely serious diseases.

There is one chance in 4 that a heavy smoker may be stricken one day by lung cancer.

Tobacco smoke is composed of 84 substances, 5 of which are carcinogenic (cancer causing) and 30 are toxic (poisonous). Every time you draw on a cigarette, cigar or pipe, you are exposed to at least 44 different chemicals and poisons, 23 among the most deadly are: lutidin, rubidin, carbolic acid, formaldehyde, methalymine, acreilin, collidine, viridin, arsenic, formic acid, nicotine, hydrogene, sulphide, pyrrol, furfuroi, benzpyrene, methyl alcohol, prussic acid, corodin, ammonia, methane, carbon monoxide, pyridin. Quite a lungful of deadly poison for just one puff of smoke!

In a recent survey conducted by a leading American Doctor the incidence of coronary diseases (infarction, angina pectorus, etc.) has been found to be 68% higher in smokers than in non-smokers.

So, if you want to stay healthy, you've got to stop smoking. But, be careful! Don't stop smoking all at once. That could be dangerous.

Now, where's this advice coming from? Some cigarette or pipe tobacco advertiser trying to make the best of a bad situation? Of course not!

This is the advice of the Anti-Tobacco Center of America, an organization designed especially to help you rid yourself of your addiction to tobacco.

OBESITY LURKS JUST AROUND THE CORNER

Well, our experience has shown that a "confirmed" or "heavy" smoker should not stop smoking all at once, as this will seriously endanger his health and well being.

For years your body has been accustomed to its regular daily intake of toxic substances such as nicotine, tars, etc., and by now it is adjusted to that situation. Cutting tobacco out overnight will result in a shock to your physiological system accompanied nearly always by psychic disturbances. Which results in an imbalance of the sympatheic nervous system.

The digestive system becomes disturbed; the central nervous system becomes up-set; you become "bad-tempered", you can't be bothered by friends, spouse, children, etc., as the least little irritation will make you fly off the handle.

Life becomes hell for you and everybody around you.

But, that's not all; it has been effectively proven that anyone who attempts to stop smoking by sheer will power alone, will suffer terrible feelings of frustration.

A VICE THAT CAN KILL

In order to compensate, he begins to eat and eat and eat. This is why so many former smokers put on excess weight and become fat. Stopping smoking all at once has been the cause of many severe cases of obesity.

So, giving up smoking, by yourself, is not the real solution, as it might endanger your health.

Then, how should you stop smoking?

Well, this is what the Anti-Tobacco Center of America is going to teach you.

Just clip and mail the coupon below to receive full information on a program which will help to rid you of your need to smoke. You'll be amazed to learn that you can stop smoking without any danger and without straining your will power; after only a few days the desire to smoke will vanish.

Just think how much happier you will be!

This is the experience of an ex-smoker we all know: MAURICE CHEVALIER "I was sunk in a vice which had left life no meaning at all. I was chronically dominated by a mountain of cigarettes, which like a growing invasion of grasshoppers succeeded in ruining my nerves. I stopped smoking twelve years ago. (Chevalier wrote this in 1950) And it is since this fortunate decision that my mental activities, my intelligence, my memory developed so much, that I — who had lost all interest in life — could escape that growing scepticism and rediscover interest in what happened around me. *I was able again to read and . . . to remember what I had read!"*

Among the 28,683 former smokers helped by the Anti-Tobacco Center, we give you the testimony of some doctors. We have chosen this profession intentionally, because doctors know the harm that tobacco causes. They are able to appreciate the results of our program.

IF YOU STOP SMOKING YOU WILL:

- Digest your food better
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- Combat fatigue
- Diminish the chance of cancer
- Be in good humor
- Keep your good eyesight
- Remain calm
- Have a good memory
- Get back your muscle tone
- Drink less alcohol
- Have clean breath
- Grow old less quickly
- Find a revival of your virility
- Save money

WHAT DOCTORS SAY!

Dr. A. C. "The efficacy of your product surprised everybody. I stopped smoking in ten days exactly. Thank you sincerely."

Dr. J. T. "I have used a supply of your product . . . I was informed of its composition by a friend, Dr. C., who was, truthfully speaking, rather sceptical. But after having used it, I do not smoke any longer and have no desire whatsoever to start again. The result is absolutely clear, without a shadow of a doubt, and I feel it my duty to tell you so."

Dr. E. C. "Since January 23, 1962, I no longer smoke. I have already given the "tip" to several of my friends and patients."

Dr. P. G. "I am happy that I do not smoke any more, this of course being due to the use of your product. All my thanks."

Dr. L. D. "The result was rapid. I think that anybody who wishes to stop smoking can do so."

(Since European law forbids all publicity for doctors, we can only publish their initials.)

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acquisition of Smith & Wesson. Five other companies have been added to the division: Lake Erie Chemical Corporation, specializing in tear gas; General Ordnance Equipment Corporation, Mace; Dominator Corporation, electronic equipment for police departments, sirens and radar transmitters; Smith & Wesson Pyrotechnics, Inc., rocket-propelled flares and smoke bombs; and the Stephenson Corporation, breath testing equipment and resuscitators.

The new small firms have been fighting for sales aggressively. The AAI Corporation got money from the Defense Department for a rubber-wheeled armored personnel carrier. Defense turned the carriers down after a prototype was built, so AAI tried to sell it with modifications to the police as a "scout reconnaissance vehicle." The Banana-Peel, a chemical that makes it impossible for "rioters" to walk when it is sprayed on a street, was an unexpected byproduct of research by a southwestern oil well drilling firm. All these companies jumped into this "crime protection industry" as relative unknowns, hoping to reap quick profits with their modifications.

More ghetto rebellions, or at least a rising fear of them, are necessary to keep the "crime protection industry" growing. Forces may now be in motion that will be difficult to reverse. At the beginning of the Cold War in the '40s the aerospace companies only produced airplanes, but by the '50s they had used their money and power to increase the anti-Russian hysteria and aggravate the tensions of the Cold War—thus expanding their markets. Observers worry that the fledgling "crime protection industry" may follow a similar line, with huge profits made in this industry supporting a new domestic lobby for more weaponized solutions to the anger of the ghetto.

This growing "police-industrial complex" is unlike the Cold War alliance between the industrial corporations and the military. In this case, going over the brink into warfare won't bring mutual annihilation by atomic destruction. Only the blacks will be killed.

THE PRESS

Mother Knows Best

PROBABLY MODERN JOURNALISM'S oddest psychological phenomenon—part endemic necrophilia, part narcissism—is the felt need of one medium to report the troubles of another.

The most familiar undertakers of dead newspapers are the television men who ghoulishly broadcast the intimate details of the final illness from the very city rooms of the deceased. Both weekly newsmagazines devote a section to what McLuhan calls "print," wherein they chronicle the problems and occasional embarrassments of newspapers and other magazines, ignoring of course only their own foibles.

Thus, one of the favorite objects of journalistic peek-a-boo for years has been the Byzantine politics at the New York Times. The modern gothic Times provides good copy. As an institution it more resembles Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha county than IBM, and internal gossip spouts from its 43rd Street building as from a broken water pipe. This is due in no small part to the clubbish and churlish politics of the Times' editorial department which is divided into more camps than an army of gypsies.

Its hang-loose publisher, Arthur O. "Punch" Sulzberger Jr., forty-three, has tended to let all this politicking ride, but his mother and the matriarch of the Times family, Mrs. Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, has in recent months become progressively more upset over published reports of the Times' internal affairs.

The last straw for her came earlier this year when the press reported an attempted *putsch* of the Times' Washington bureau as if it were Dunkirk. The Washington bureau, under the protection and patronage of the Times' leading guru, James Reston, has long operated as a duchy independent of New York. When a trio of the New York power elite —Executive Editor Turner Catledge, Managing Editor Clifton Daniel, and Asst. M.E. A. M. Rosenthal—tried to replace Washington Bureau Chief Tom Wicker with a bureaucrat of their own choosing, Reston told Sulzberger that he would resign along with many of the heavies on the Times' capital first string.

The publisher gave in and backed Reston. There was rejoicing in the Times' city room amid much to-do in the press sections—and Mrs. Sulzberger let it be known, in the way only mothers have with their sons, that she had had it. The respectable Times had never had its dirty linen washed so regularly in public before, and it was indecent, Mrs. Sulzberger said. She told Punch to end the system of rival city-states that made up the Times' editorial department by installing a straight line of command, preferably with Reston at the top.

So this month the publisher cleaned house, wielding an ax instead of a broom. In an unsuspected and even ungossiped-about move, he appointed Reston to Catledge's position of executive editor—kicking Catledge unceremoniously upstairs.

This means out for Managing Editor Clifton Daniel, the father of Margaret Truman's children. Daniel, who had been waiting for the top job himself, will be expected to do the gentlemanly thing and resign to take an ambassadorship or television news position or a similar prestige appointment in the Sargasso Sea of ex-Times executives.

Asst. M.E. Rosenthal, one of the leading Machiavellians in the newsroom, is the only member of the Washington *putsch* trio to survive and, if he abstains from office politics, will probably be rewarded with the job of managing editor when Daniel leaves. (Ironically, the Washington *putsch* was reportedly instigated by Rosenthal.)

The hitherto semi-independent Sunday department will doubtless be shaken up, possibly with Arthur Gelb at the helm. City desk leadership will most likely be given to Albany and former Vietnam correspondent Johnny (R.W.) Apple. Diplomatic correspondent Max Frankel is in line to replace cranky Southerner Claude Sitton as national editor.

SATIRE

From The Guardian, April 27, 1968:

William Epton of the Harlem branch of the Progressive Labor Party "contended that it was Hanoi's acceptance of Johnson's offer to talk that 'took the steam out of the movement.' A demoralized atmosphere settled over the movement, he maintained, because activists said, 'We struggle, struggle, struggle and these guys sell us out.' "

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People Not in the News

MONSIGNOR IVAN ILLICH:

Left-wing Catholic priests wearing Black Power tee shirts were passing out copies of Ivan Illich's essay "The Vanishing Clergyman" last summer like they were holy cards.

Monsignor Illich, the tall and wiry president of Cuernavaca's controversial Center for Intercultural Documentation (CIDOC), had informed the ordained that their profession was on its way out and that the defections of increasing numbers of men from the priesthood should be received "in a spirit of deep joy" because it is an outward sign of the disappearance of "institutional bureaucracy" within the Church [RAMPARTS, November 1967].

Msgr. Illich has remained an unofficial topic of conversation at religious cocktail parties and conventions ever since he left his post seven years ago as vice president of the Catholic University of Puerto Rico to become a founder of the Center for Intercultural Formation (CIF) of which CIDOC is a branch.

Beads were rattling over his opinions as early as 1961, when he told the late Bishop Manuel Larrain, president of the Conference of Latin American Bishops, that he was for banishing missionaries from Latin America since "foreign gods [ideals, idols, ideologies, persuasion, values] are more offensive to the 'poor' than the military or economic power of the foreigner."

Only a year ago last February, Cardinal Cushing, head of the U.S. Bishops' Committee for Latin America, pounded a Catholic podium and lambasted as a "colossal lie" an essay of Illich's, "The Seamy Side of Charity." The article accused United States missionaries of perpetuating "the status quo in a social and economic system that desperately needs changing."

In response Illich only shrugged: "I run a documentation center which has assembled about 45,000 items of information on church and social change in Latin America and I think I can come up with some proof to back it up."

His CIF, specializing in linguistics and Spanish courses, had become at one time something of an unofficial training center for Latin America missionaries. But attendance of clergymen has dropped off sharply in the last two to three years.

Illich, who describes his secular institute as a "thinkery," has accused the United States of nurturing violence around the globe from its own American ghettos to the borders of China and throughout Latin America. He bases his accusations upon years of research at CIDOC, whose academic theme next winter focuses on the humanistic meaning of the call for violence and the call for nonviolence in social change in Latin America.

In the monsignor's essay, "Violence: A Mirror for Americans," published in the Jesuit magazine America, he argued that world violence is a result of the rejection of American values by the underdeveloped, poor majorities of the world.

With an academic vehemence, Illich said the War on Poverty and the Alliance for Progress failed because "both programs were designed to have the poor join in the American dream. . . . The poor refused to dream on command."

The most recent inter-Catholic attack on Illich was the charge last month in the lay magazine Gente that Illich's Cuernavaca institute was a nerve center for guerrilla warfare. Gente is known as a publication of the secretive right-wing Catholic lay organization Opus Dei, which Illich says "commonly works on the basis of slander campaigns."

CIDOC is an independent organization backed by no foundation or government association with no official church affiliations. It has an enrollment during a regular semester of about 250.

The Center, says Msgr. Illich, is the "only successful free university."

LABOR LEADER HAL BANKS:

The Seafarers International Union has nearly 20,000 members in Canada; at one time 1000 of them were on the union's "Do Not Ship" list—meaning that they could not get a job in the union's

hiring halls. Hal Banks, an American who was Canadian director of the union, was once asked about who was on that list. He replied: "There were commie agitators, epileptics, sleepwalkers, perverts, drunks and thieves."

There were notations on the master list. One blacklistee was described as "another superior Frenchman." Another "wrote the Minister of Labor about a beef." And alongside one name, in Bank's own simple terminology, was the remark: "I slung the bum out."

Banks arrived in Canada in 1949, imported by fleet owners and the Trades and Labor Congress (then the Canadian version of the AFL) to beef up the 700-member Canadian branch of the SIU, and thereby to break the power of the Canadian Seamen's Union in which communists were active. He did his job ruthlessly and well, with a lot of help from Canada's Liberal government. The country's Labor Relations Board consistently ruled that the CSU wasn't a labor union at all but a "communist conspiracy," thus removing legal restraints against raids.

Banks broke the CSU without difficulty and then proceeded to break two more unions which were still defined as unions and which had nothing to do with communism. But when he began to move in on the Canadian Merchant Service Guild—a union of deck officers—the Canadian Labor Congress expelled the SIU for raiding and set out to get rid of Banks. He's out of Canada now, but he's also out of jail—thanks to

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Dean Rusk and the war in Vietnam.

In 1957, in a parking lot in Owen Sound, Ontario, Captain Henry Walsh was so severely beaten that he is crippled for life. Captain Walsh was an organizer for the CMSG, working to hold his membership against Banks' raiding. Banks denied any part in the affair, testifying before a Canadian Royal Commission (which operates something like a congressional committee except that no testimony can be used later in a criminal prosecution—a sort of automatic immunity).

The Canadian government, in 1952, had granted Banks the status of a landed immigrant. A criminal record was, at the time, an absolute bar to the granting of such status, and Banks had done time in San Quentin on a bad check charge. But it seems that when Banks filled out Form 1000, there was no Question 17 on it. Question 17 reads: "Have you ever been convicted of a criminal offense?" It was later explained that the question was dropped from a few forms because of an error in the government printing bureau.

Five years later, though, the government had had enough of Banks. Still, the SIU made large contributions to the Liberal Party. When it became evident that Banks would be charged with involvement in the assault on Captain Walsh, the charge somehow turned out to be *conspiracy* to commit assault—an important difference. Banks was convicted, posted $25,000 bail in order to appeal and drove across the border in his white Cadillac convertible. He spends his time now around SIU headquarters in New York and on the union's yacht moored off Flatbush.

There is an extradition treaty between Canada and the United States, and it covers extradition for assault. It does not, however, cover the conspiracy charge. Conservative politicians in Canada began to claim that Banks had been charged with conspiracy for just that reason—and the government of the province of Ontario came up with another idea. It charged Banks with perjury before the Royal Commission and demanded his extradition from the United States to face trial.

In August 1967, Banks was arrested in Brooklyn. U.S. Commissioner Salvatore Abruzzo ordered him extradited to Canada, over the arguments of Abram Chayes, an attorney who was once deputy undersecretary of State. Chayes appealed the case directly to the secretary of State.

"Because the charge of perjury in this case arises directly out of a denial of guilt of a non-extraditable offense," Rusk decided, "I have concluded that it would not be compatible with the overall design and purpose of the extradition treaty. . . ." Banks was released from custody on March 15, 1968.

Banks, decidedly a Man Not in the News in the United States, is a very well-known figure in Canada, and there are some angry Canadians who still want him back. In the United States, however, the SIU is the most hawkish of unions (President Paul Hall once proposed a boycott of all ships from nations which do business with North Vietnam) and eagerly goes out of its way to provide loyal support in the supplying of American troops in Vietnam.

Beyond that, Commissioner Abruzzo allowed himself to say, when he ordered Banks released as a result of Rusk's decision, that he doubted whether, in the near future, the United States would extradite anybody to Canada for anything. After all, there are all those draft dodgers up there, and Canada won't send them back.

PRIVATE ANDY STAPP:

Andy Stapp is a twenty-four-year-old New Yorker (originally from Philadelphia) who just did two years in the Army. Or, rather, he would have done two years, except that three weeks before his hitch was up they booted him out for violating AR604-10, which deals with "subversion and disloyalty."

They took Stapp into the Army despite the fact that he burned his draft card at Penn State in 1965 and was busted in Washington during a peace demonstration the same year. Probably they didn't expect that once ensconced at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, he could do much. With the help of a few radical New Yorkers who went to Oklahoma to join him, Andy organized the American Servicemen's Union. He says the union "has an unofficial membership of about two million, because that's how many guys are being pushed around in the Army." More officially, the union now has organizers on 10 or 15 Army bases in addition to Fort Sill.

The union's demands are for a minimum wage, enlistees' control of courts-martial, election of officers, an end to racism in job training and job assignment, and the release of political prisoners now in stockades (there are at least 100 Army personnel being held for anti-war activities). They also demand recognition of the right to disobey an order unlawful under Nuremberg decisions—specifically, the right to refuse orders to go to Vietnam.

As if that weren't enough, Stapp went around telling his fellow soldiers that he's a communist (he says he doesn't join the Communist Party because "it's a liberal organization"), and—even worse—convincing them that they ought to be radicals too. "They had to move 15 guys out of one artillery unit because of political activity in June of 1967," he reports.

It took them a full field hearing and two courts-martial to nail him, mostly because his buddies wouldn't testify against him. At his last trial, a wild and open affair in which the Army even brought in HUAC standby Helen Gittings to provide testimony on the Red Menace, a parade of Stapp's fellow enlistees testified that they were Marxists and communists too and couldn't see anything wrong with what he was doing.

But they got him (one item of evidence was a photograph of the contents of his footlocker, which they broke into; it included copies of publications by Marx and Lenin, radical periodicals like PL, Challenge, Partisan and Workers World and a couple of copies of RAMPARTS), and Stapp is now editing The Bond, a radical publication for servicemen, in New York City.

What Andy Stapp remembers best about his Army career is his wedding (Dierdre Stapp is, and was before her marriage, editor of Partisan). The officer in charge of military intelligence at Fort Sill was on hand, and after the wedding was asked questions about why it took place. "This is obviously," the officer said, "a political merger—like a marriage between a DuPont and a Ford."

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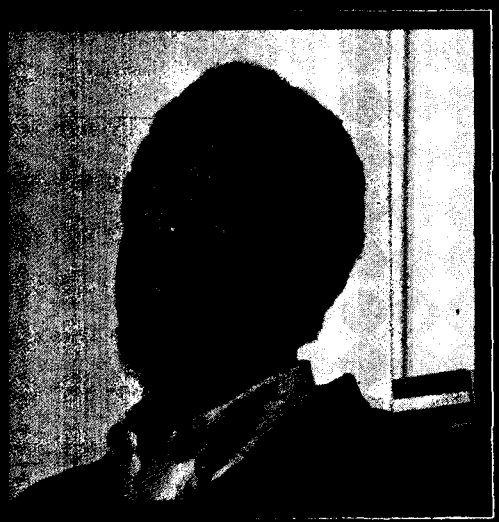

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Cleaver

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TWO YEARS AGO *Paul Jacobs and I drove to the prison at Soledad, California, to visit Eldridge Cleaver, then serving his eighth year of a one to 14-year sentence and practically forgotten by the outside world. We wanted to meet this man whose passionate essays had been flowing into the* RAMPARTS *offices, essays that were later collected into his book,* Soul on Ice (*McGraw-Hill*).

Last month I visited Cleaver again, this time at the state "medical facility" at Vacaville where he was imprisoned for the political crime of organizing black people for their own liberation. As we talked through a glass partition in the visiting room, it occurred to me that the state will always try to put bars around a proud, revolutionary spirit like Cleaver—if not to kill him, as police attempted to do on April 6.

The following article was written by hand in Cleaver's cell and smuggled out—just as his work had to be smuggled out of Soledad two years ago. Mailing restrictions seem to have been relaxed since, although the May issue of RAMPARTS *was censored as "unsuitable" even though two of Cleaver's own articles appeared in it.* RAMPARTS *intends to publish Cleaver's writings from prison as we are able to obtain them.* —DAVID WELSH

I FELL IN LOVE WITH THE Black Panther Party for Self-Defense immediately upon my first encounter with it; it was literally love at first sight. It happened one night at a meeting in a dingy little storefront on Scott Street in the Fillmore district, the heart of San Francisco's black ghetto. It was February 1967. The meeting was the latest in a series of weekly meetings held by a loose coalition functioning under the name of the Bay Area Grassroots Organizations Planning Committee. The purpose of the coalition was to coordinate three days of activities with the worthy ambition of involving the total black community in mass action commemorating the fourth anniversary of the assassination of Malcolm X. The highlight and culmination of the memorial was to be the appearance of Sister Betty Shabazz, Malcolm X's widow, who was to deliver the keynote speech at a mass meeting at the Bayview Community Center in Hunters Point.

Among the topics on the agenda for this fortuitous meeting was the question of providing security for Sister Betty during the 24 hours she was to be our guest in the Bay Area. There was a paranoia around—which I did not share—that assassins by the dozens were lurking everywhere for the chance to shoot Sister Betty down. This fear, real or imagined, was a fact and it kept everybody up-tight.

I had arrived at the meeting late, changing at the last minute a previous decision not to attend at all. I was pissed off at everyone in the room. Taking a seat with my back to the door I sat there with, I'm sure, a scornful frown of disdain upon my face. Roy Ballard (if the normal brain had three cylinders his would have one) sat opposite me, across the circle formed by the placement of the chairs. He, above all, understood the expression on my face, for he had done the most to put it there; this accounted, I thought, for the idiot grin on his own.

On Roy's left sat Ken Freeman, chairman of the now defunct Black Panther Party of Northern California, who always looked to me like Dagwood, with his huge round bifocals and the bald spot in the front of his natural. On Roy's right sat a frightened-looking little mulatto who seemed to live by the adage, "It's better to remain silent and be thought a fool than to open one's mouth and remove all doubt." He probably adopted that rule from observing his big fat yellow wife, who was seated on his right and who had said when I walked in, just loud enough for me to hear, "Shit! I thought we agreed after last week's meeting that *he* wouldn't be allowed to attend any more meetings!"

Next to her sat Jack Trueblood, a handsome, earnest youth in a black Russian cap who represented San Francisco State College's Black Students Union and who always accepted whatever tasks were piled upon him, insuring that he would leave each weekly meeting with a heavy load. On his right sat a girl named Lucky. I could never tell why they called her that—not, I'm sure, because she happened to be Roy Ballard's old lady; maybe because she had such a beautiful smile.

Between Lucky and myself sat Marvin Jackmon who was known as a poet, because after Watts went up in flames he had composed a catchy ditty entitled "Burn, Baby, Burn!" and a play entitled "Flowers for the Trashman." (It is hard for me to write objectively about Marvin. My association with him, dating from the third week of December 1966, ended in mutual bitterness with the closing of the Black House. After getting out of prison that month, he was the first person I hooked up with. Along with Ed Bullins, a young playwright who now has a few things going for himself off-Broadway, and Willie Dale, who had been in San Quentin with me and was trying to make it as a singer, we had founded the Black House in January 1967. Within the next two months the Black House, located in San Francisco, became the center of non-Establishment black culture throughout the Bay Area.)

On my right sat Bill Sherman, an ex-member of the Communist Party and at that time a member of the Central Committee of the Black Panther Party of Northern California. Next to Bill was Victoria Durant, who dressed with what the black bourgeoisie would call "style" or, better yet, "class." She seemed so out of place at those meetings. We were supposed to be representing the common people—grassroots—and here was Victoria ready to write out a $50 check at the drop of a hat. She represented, as everyone knew, the local clique of black Democrats who wanted inside info on everything even hinting of "organizing" in their stomping grounds—even if the price of such info was a steady flow of $50 checks.

Then there was Marianne Waddy, who kept everybody guessing because no one was ever sure of where or what she really was. One day she'd be dressed in flowing African gowns with her hair wrapped up in a pretty *skashok*, the perfect picture of the young Afro-American lady who had established a certain identity and relationship to traditional African culture. The next day she would be dressed like a man and acting like a man who would cut the first throat that got in his way.

Next to Marianne sat a sneaky-looking fellow called Nasser Shabazz. Sitting between Nasser and Ken Freeman, completing the circle, was Vincent Lynch, as smooth and black as the ebony statues he had brought back from his trip to Nigeria and the only member of the Black Panther Party of Northern California I ever liked or thought was sincere. Somewhere in the room, too, was Ann Lynch, Vincent's wife, with their bright-eyed little son, Patrice Lumumba Lynch. Ann was the head of Black Care, the women's auxiliary to this Panther Party. These sisters spent all of their time talking about the impending violent stage of the black revolution, which was inevitable, and how they, the women, must be prepared to care for the men who would be wounded in battle.

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I HAD COME OUT OF PRISON with plans to revive the Organization of Afro-American Unity, the vehicle finally settled upon by Malcolm X to spearhead the black revolution. The OAAU had never really gotten off the ground, for it was cut short by the assassins' bullets that felled Malcolm on the stage of the Audubon Ballroom in New York City. I was amazed that no one else had moved to continue Malcolm's work in the name of the organization he had chosen, which seemed perfect to me and also logically necessary in terms of historical continuity. The three-day memorial, which was but part of the overall plan to revive the OAAU, was to be used as a forum for launching the revival. In January, I had put the plan on paper and circulated it throughout the Bay Area, then issued a general call for a meeting to establish a temporary steering committee that would see after things until the start of the memorial. At this time we would have a convention, found the Bay Area branch of the Organization of Afro-American Unity and elect officers whom Sister Betty Shabazz would install, giving the whole effort her blessings in a keynote address on the final day of the memorial.

By February the plan had been torn to shreds. If the plan was a pearl, then I had certainly cast it before swine, and the biggest swine of all, Roy Ballard, had hijacked the plan and turned it into a circus. It soon became clear that if the OAAU was to be reborn, it would not be with the help of this crew, because all they could see was the pageantry of the memorial. Beyond that, their eyes blotted out all vision. Far from wanting to see an organization develop that would put an end to the archipelago of one-man showcase groups that plagued the black community with division, they had each made it their sacred cause to insure the survival of their own splinter group.

From the beginning, when the plan was first put before them, they took up each separate aspect and chewed it until they were sure it was either maimed for life or dead. Often after an idea had gone around the circle, if it still showed signs of life they would pounce upon it and rend it some more. When they finished, all that was left of the original plan was a pilgrimage to the site where a sixteen-year-old black youth, Matthew Johnson, had been murdered by a white cop, putting some pictures of Malcolm X on the walls of the Bayview Community Center, a hysterical speech by Ken Freeman and 24 hours of Sister Betty Shabazz's time.

In all fairness, however, I must confess that the whole plan was impossible to achieve, mostly because it did not take into account certain negative aspects of the black man's psychological heritage from 400 years of oppression here in Babylon. Then, too, I was an outsider. Having gone to prison from Los Angeles, I had been paroled to San Francisco. I was an interloper unfolding a program to organize *their* community. Fatal. It didn't matter to them that we were dealing with the concept of the Black Nation, of colonized Afro-America, and that all the boundaries separating our people were the stupid impositions of the white oppressors and had to be obliterated. Well, no matter; I had failed. Proof of my failure was Roy Ballard, sitting there before me like a gaunt buzzard, presiding over the carcass of a dream.

SUDDENLY THE ROOM FELL SILENT. The crackling undercurrent that for weeks had made it impossible to get one's point across when one had the floor was gone; there was only the sound of the lock clicking as the front door opened, and then the soft shuffle of feet moving quietly toward the circle. Shadows danced on the walls. From the tension showing on the faces of the people before me, I thought the cops were invading the meeting, but there was a deep female gleam leaping out of one of the women's eyes that no cop who ever lived could elicit. I recognized that gleam out of the recesses of my soul, even though I had never seen it before in my life: the total admiration of a black woman for a black man. I spun round in my seat and saw the most beautiful sight I had ever seen: four black men wearing black berets, powder blue shirts, black leather jackets, black trousers, shiny black shoes—and each with a gun! In front was Huey P. Newton with a riot pump shotgun in his right hand, barrel pointed down to the floor. Beside him was Bobby Seale, the handle of a .45 caliber automatic showing from its holster on his right hip, just below the hem of his jacket. A few steps behind Seale was Bobby Hutton, the barrel of his shotgun at his feet. Next to him was Sherwin Forte, an MI carbine with a banana clip cradled in his arms.

Roy Ballard jumped to his feet. Licking his lips, he said, "For those of you who've never met the brothers, these are the Oakland Panthers."

"You're wrong," said Huey P. Newton. "We're not the Oakland Panthers. We happen to live in Oakland. Our name is the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense."

With that the Panthers seated themselves in chairs along the wall, outside the circle. Every eye in the room was riveted upon them. What amazed me was that Roy Ballard did not utter one word in contradiction, nor was there any other yakkity-yak around the room. There was absolute silence. Even little Patrice Lumumba Lynch seemed to sit up and take notice.

Where was my mind at? Blown! Racing through time, racing through the fog of a perspective that had just been shattered into a thousand fragments. Who are these cats? I wondered at them, checking them out carefully. They were so cool and it seemed to me not unconscious of the electrifying effect they were having on everybody in the room. Then I recalled a chance remark that Marvin Jackmon had once made. We were discussing the need for security at the Black House because the crowds were getting larger and larger and we had had to bodily throw out a cat who was high and acting like he owned the place. I said that Marvin, Ed, Dale and I had better each get ourself a gun. As I elaborated on the necessity as I saw it, Marvin said: "You need to forget about the Black House and go across the bay and get with Bobby Seale." And then he laughed.

"Who is Bobby Seale?" I asked him.

At first he gave no answer, he seemed to be carefully considering what to say. Finally he said, "He's arming some brothers across the bay." Though I pressed him, he refused to go into it any further, and at the time it didn't seem important to me, so I forgot about it. Now, sitting there looking at those Panthers, I recalled the incident with Marvin. I looked at him. He seemed to have retreated inside himself, sitting there looking like a skinny black Buddha with something distasteful and menacing on his mind.

"Do you brothers want to make a speech at the memorial?" Roy Ballard asked the Panthers.

"Yes," Bobby Seale said.

"O.K.," said Ballard. "We have the program broken down into subjects: Politics, Economics, Self-Defense and Black

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Culture. Now which section do you brothers want to speak under?" This was the sort of question which in my experience had always signaled the beginning of a two-hour debate with this group.

"It doesn't matter what section we speak under," Huey said. "Our message is one and the same. We're going to talk about black people arming themselves in a political fashion to exert organized force in the political arena to see to it that their desires and needs are met. Otherwise there will be a political consequence. And the only culture worth talking about is a revolutionary culture. So it doesn't matter what heading you put on it, we're going to talk about political power growing out of the barrel of a gun."

"O.K.," Roy Ballard said. He paused, then added, "Let's put it under Politics." Then he went on to start the specific discussion of security for Sister Betty, who would pick her up at the airport, etc. Bobby Seale was jotting down notes in a little black book. The other Panthers sat quietly, watchfully.

THREE DAYS BEFORE THE START of the memorial, I received a phone call from Los Angeles. The man on the other end identified himself as Mr. Hakim Jamal, Malcolm X's cousin by marriage. He would be arriving with Sister Betty, he said, and both of them wanted to talk with me. They had liked, it turned out, an article on Malcolm that I had written and that was published in RAMPARTS. We agreed that when they got in from the airport I would meet them at the RAMPARTS office in San Francisco.

On the day that Sister Betty and Hakim Jamal were to arrive in San Francisco, I was sitting in my office tinkering with some notes for an article. One of the secretaries burst through the door. Her face was white with fear and she was shouting, "We're being invaded! We're being invaded!"

I couldn't tell just who her "we" referred to. Were the Chinese coming? Had the CIA finally decided to do RAMPARTS in? Then she said, "There are about 20 men outside with guns!"

I knew that Hakim Jamal and Sister Betty had arrived with their escort of armed Black Panthers.

"Don't worry," I said, "they're friends."

"*Friends?*" she gasped. I left her there with her eyes bugging out of her head and rushed to the front of the building.

I waded through RAMPARTS' staff jammed into the narrow hallway, fending off the frightened inquiries by repeating, "It's all right, it's all right." The lobby resembled certain photographs coming out of Cuba the day Castro took Havana. There were guns everywhere, pointed towards the ceiling like metallic blades of grass growing up out of the sea of black faces beneath the black berets of the Panthers. I found Hakim Jamal and Sister Betty surrounded by a knot of Panthers, who looked calm and self-possessed in sharp contrast to the chaotic reactions their appearance had set off. Outside where Broadway ran in four lanes to feed the freeway on-ramp and to receive the heavy traffic from the off-ramp, a massive traffic jam was developing and sirens could be heard screaming in the distance as cops sped our way.

I took Jamal and Sister Betty to an office down the hall. We talked for about 15 minutes about Malcolm. Sister Betty, her eyes concealed behind dark glasses, said nothing after we were introduced. She looked cool enough on the surface, but it was clear that she felt hard-pressed. Huey P. Newton was standing at the window, shotgun in hand, looking down into the upturned faces of a horde of police. I left the room to get Sister Betty a glass of water, squeezing past Bobby Seale and what seemed like a battalion of Panthers in the hall guarding the door. Seale's face was a chiseled mask of determination.

A few yards down the hall, Warren Hinckle III, editor of RAMPARTS, was talking to a police lieutenant.

"What's the trouble?" the lieutenant asked, pointing at the Black Panthers with their guns.

"No trouble," Hinckle said. "Everything is under control."

The policeman seemed infuriated by this answer. He stared at Bobby Seale for a moment and then stalked outside. While I was in the lobby a TV cameraman, camera on his shoulder, forced his way through the front door and started taking pictures. Two white boys who worked at RAMPARTS stopped the TV man and informed him that he was trespassing on private property. When he refused to leave they picked him up and threw him out the door, camera and all.

When it was agreed that it was time to leave, Huey Newton took control. Mincing no words, he sent five of his men out first to clear a path through the throng of spectators clustered outside the door, most of whom were cops. He dispatched a phalanx of ten Panthers fast on their heels, with Hakim Jamal and Sister Betty concealed in their midst. Newton himself, along with Bobby Seale and three other Panthers, brought up the rear.

I went outside and stood on the steps of RAMPARTS to observe the departure. When Huey left the building, the TV cameraman who had gotten tossed out was grinding away with his camera. Huey took an envelope from his pocket and held it up in front of the camera, blocking the lens.

"Get out of the way!" the TV man shouted. When Huey continued to hold the envelope in front of the lens, the TV man started cursing, and reached out and knocked Huey's hand away with his fist. Huey coolly turned to one of the score of cops watching and said:

"Officer, I want you to arrest this man for assault."

An incredulous look came into the cop's face, then he blurted out: "If I arrest anybody it'll be you!"

Huey turned on the cameraman, again placing the envelope in front of the lens. Again the cameraman reached out and knocked Huey's hand away. Huey reached out, snatched the cameraman by the collar and slammed him up against the wall, sending him spinning and staggering down the sidewalk, trying to catch his breath and balance the camera on his shoulder at the same time.

Bobby Seale tugged at Huey's shirt sleeve. "C'mon, Huey, let's get out of here."

Huey and Bobby started up the sidewalk toward their car. The cops stood there on the point, poised as though ready to start shooting at a given signal.

"Don't turn your backs on these back-shooting dogs!" Huey called out to Bobby and the other three Panthers. By this time the other Panthers with Sister Betty and Jamal had gotten into cars and melted into the traffic jam. Only these five were still at the scene.

At that moment a big, beefy cop stepped forward. He undid the little strap holding his pistol in his holster and started shouting at Huey, "Don't point that gun at me! Stop pointing that gun at me!" He kept making gestures as though he was going for his gun.

This was the most tense of moments. Huey stopped in his

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tracks and stared at the cop.

"Let's split, Huey! Let's split!" Bobby Seale was saying.

Ignoring him, Huey walked to within a few feet of the cop and said, "What's the matter, you got an itchy finger?"

The cop made no reply.

"You want to draw your gun?" Huey asked him.

The other cops were calling out for this cop to cool it, to take it easy, but he didn't seem to be able to hear them. He was staring into Huey's eyes, measuring him.

"O.K.," Huey said. "You big fat racist pig, draw your gun!"

The cop made no move.

"Draw it, you cowardly dog!" Huey pumped a round into the chamber of the shotgun. "I'm waiting," he said, and stood there waiting for the cop to draw.

All the other cops moved back out of the line of fire. I moved back, too, onto the top step of RAMPARTS. I was thinking, staring at Huey surrounded by all those cops and daring one of them to draw, "Goddam, that nigger is c-r-a-z-y!"

Then the cop facing Huey gave it up. He heaved a heavy sigh and lowered his head. Huey literally laughed in his face and then went off up the street at a jaunty pace, disappearing in a blaze of dazzling sunlight.

"Work out soul-brother," I was shouting to myself. "You're the baddest motherfucker I've ever seen!" I went back into RAMPARTS and we all stood around chattering excitedly, discussing what we had witnessed with disbelief.

"*Who was that?*" asked Vampira, Warren Hinckle's little sister.

"That was Huey P. Newton," I said, "Minister of Defense of the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense."

"Boy, is he gutsy!" she said dreamily.

"Yeah," I agreed. "He's out of sight!"

THE QUALITY IN HUEY P. NEWTON'S character which I had seen that morning in front of RAMPARTS and which I was to see demonstrated over and over again after I joined the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense was *courage*. I had called it "crazy," as people often do to explain away things they do not understand. I don't mean the courage "to stand up and be counted," or even the courage it takes to face certain death. I speak of that revolutionary courage it takes to pick up a gun with which to oppose the oppressor of one's people. That's a different kind of courage.

Oppressed people, Fanon points out, kill each other all the time. A glance through any black newspaper will prove that black people in America kill each other with regularity. This is the internalized violence of oppressed people. Angered by the misery of their lives but cowed by the overt superior might of the oppressor, the oppressed people shrink from striking out at the true objects of their hostility and strike instead at their more defenseless brothers and sisters near at hand. Somehow this seems safer, less fraught with dire consequences, as though one is less dead when shot down by one's brother than when shot down by the oppressor. It is merely criminal to take up arms against one's brother, but to step outside the vicious circle of the internalized violence of the oppressed and take up arms against the oppressor is to step outside of life itself, to step outside of the structure of this world, to enter, almost alone, the no-man's-land of revolution.

Huey P. Newton took that step. For the motto of the Black Panther Party he chose a quotation from Mao Tse-tung's Little Red Book: "We are advocates of the abolition of war; we do not want war; but war can only be abolished through war; and in order to get rid of the gun it is necessary to pick up the gun."

When I decided to join the Black Panther Party the only hang-up I had was with its name. I was still clinging to my conviction that we owed it to Malcolm to pick up where he left off. To me, this meant building the organization that he had started. Picking up where Malcolm left off, however, had different meanings for different people. For cats like Marvin Jackmon, for instance, it meant returning to the ranks of Elijah Muhammad's Nation of Islam, denouncing Malcolm as a heretic and pledging loyalty to Elijah, all in Malcolm's name. For Huey, it meant implementing the program that Malcolm advocated. When that became clear to me, I knew what Huey P. Newton was all about.

For the revolutionary black youth of today, time starts moving with the coming of Malcolm X. Before Malcolm, time stands still, going down in frozen steps into the depths of the stagnation of slavery. Malcolm talked shit, and talking shit is the iron in a young nigger's blood. Malcolm mastered language and used it as a sword to slash his way through the veil of lies that for 400 years gave the white man the power of the word. Through the breach in the veil, Malcolm saw all the way to national liberation, and he showed us the rainbow and the golden pot at its end. Inside the golden pot, Malcolm told us, was the tool of liberation. Huey P. Newton, one of the millions of black people who listened to Malcolm, lifted the golden lid off the pot and blindly, trusting Malcolm, stuck his hand inside and grasped the tool. When he withdrew his hand and looked to see what he held, he saw the gun, cold in its metal and implacable in its message: Death-Life, Liberty or Death, mastered by a black hand at last! Huey P. Newton is the ideological descendent, heir and successor of Malcolm X. Malcolm prophesied the coming of the gun to the black liberation struggle. Huey P. Newton picked up the gun and pulled the trigger, freeing the genie of black revolutionary violence in Babylon.

The genie of black revolutionary violence is here, and it says that the oppressor has no rights which the oppressed are bound to respect. The genie also has a question for white Americans: which side do you choose? Do you side with the oppressor or with the oppressed? The time for decision is upon you. The cities of America have tested the first flames of revolution. But a hotter fire rages in the hearts of black people today: total liberty for black people or total destruction for America.

The prospects, I confess, do not look promising. Besides being a dumb nation, America is mad with white racism. Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad. Perhaps America has been mad far too long to make any talk of sanity relevant now. But there is a choice and it will be made, by decision or indecision, by action or inaction, by commission or omission. Black people have made their choice; a revolutionary generation that has the temerity to say to America that Huey P. Newton must be set free, also invested with the courage to kill, pins its hopes on the revolutionary's faith and says, with Che: *Wherever death may surprise us, it will be welcome, provided that this, our battlecry, reach some receptive ear, that another hand reach out to pick up weapons, and that other fighting men come forward to intone our funeral dirge with the staccato of machine guns and new cries of battle and victory.*

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NELSON ROCKEFELLER, HAVING REASSESSED his conscience and the needs of the country and after renewed consultation with such oracles as Barry Goldwater's old running mate William Miller, is once again in the auction for the Republican presidential nomination.

As in the past, New York's governor is portrayed both in the news media and by friends and foes as a progressive, liberal fellow—a characterization that all agree makes him an underdog for the nomination but a considerable favorite for the presidency. This contradiction is pointed to as the central irony of Rockefeller's political life and, indeed, of the life and hard times of the Republican Party. The party, it is said, is inflicted with a traditional "death wish" that leads it naturally away from liberals who can win, and inexorably toward doomed conservatives or reactionaries.

Both parts of the "dichotomy" are open to serious question —particularly Mr. Rockefeller's liberalism. But as *realpolitik* it cannot be denied and, in fact, it has informed Rockefeller vastly more than Mr. Nixon. Thus the governor, seeing himself as a two-time loser to this suicide complex, had little relish to go against it again this year. He began instead as a cut man to Romney, and when that poor fighter quit in the corner (whose death wish was that?) Rockefeller flashed for a moment and proceeded to do likewise.

Now that the President has announced the same intention, Rocky is back with us, and as with his two previous shots at the title he is laying everything on the logic that the Republicans are finished if they cannot swing the majority of the Independents and make major inroads into the big city Democratic arteries. He is walking straight into the death wish and he could conceivably pull it off.

For one thing, Rockefeller has a good track record in the big cities, scoring particularly well in all three of his gubernatorial victories in the Negro, Puerto Rican and Jewish wards. Nixon has always been mugged in the ghettos and the Jews have long considered him a sick joke.

And while Nixon did well in suburbia in 1960, Rockefeller's support there has approached a natural right. It is obviously because the pros smelled trouble that Nixon was unable to swing any of the big industrial state delegations after Romney and Rockefeller dropped out of the race in March. Nixon has the Southern yahoos and the Plains State rubes and a little here and a lot there, but he does not yet have Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan or Illinois. He cannot, of course, get New York, nor is he likely to get California.

From that vantage point the wonder is that Rockefeller was gun-shy for so long. The death wish, after all, is at best only a Goldwater phenomenon, regardless of Rockefeller's poor-mouthing about 1960. At the time he had been governor for only two years, he waged a half-hearted last minute campaign and Nixon looked like a winner in the general elections anyway. In 1964, Rocky did nothing to stem the Neanderthal trend in the state parties and managed to get divorced and remarried before his moral crusade against Barry. Furthermore, nobody was going to take Consensus Johnson, and so what better time for a reactionary binge? It was more a choice of pallbearers than an act of hari-kari.

Still, the party's structure has radically changed, and the power has shifted from the days when the internationalist wing could step in and rather easily dictate a Wilkie, Dewey or Eisenhower. Many of the Goldwater delegates will be back this year and their personal antipathy for Rocky is unchanged and probably unchangeable. But the decision, in the final analysis, is not likely to turn on vengeance. Rockefeller is distasteful to much of the rank and file purely on ideological grounds. They simply do not consider him a Republican: he is, in their eyes, too liberal, too progressive, too modern. His chances lie, then, in what Democrats term "realism" and Republicans understand as "greed." The question, in Murray Kempton's phrase, is simply whether the party will "rise above principle" to go with the winner.

It would be ungentlemanly to fault the Republicans for considering Rockefeller a liberal, since they are very Arab when it comes to such things, believing always in the rhetoric and not caring a damn about the action. Rockefeller says very progressive things, and worse still, his heart appears to be in the right place. It is not that he spends a lot of money; Ronald Reagan is as profligate with his state budget. But Reagan talks tough and does not mean well. Nixon talks both ways and orthodox Republicans think they know what he means.

Alas, the poor liberals. They like Rockefeller for the same reasons the others distrust or detest him. Before Johnson pulled out, it was remarkable how much pro-Rockefeller talk was wafted about in the liberal salons of New York City: "Oh yes, that's true isn't it, I've heard that; I seem to have heard he was rather hawkish on Vietnam. But then he hasn't said very much, and there isn't very much he could do about it anyway is there? But he is such a decent man, he couldn't participate in *genocide*."

While much of this has subsided as a result of McCarthy, Kennedy and the Johnson dropout, Rockefeller's image as a skillful humanitarian and fair-minded man has not been seriously challenged. Indeed, the important news media have generally accepted Walter Lippman's view of him as a person of "well-ordered instincts and sympathies . . . tried and proved and tempered in the hottest fires of modernity."

It is all very nice, but it is also very crackers.

NELSON ROCKEFELLER HAS BEEN governor of New York for ten years. His record bears little relationship to the liberal, progressive portrait. The preeminent test of a politician's "well-ordered instincts and sympathies" is his record on civil liberties. It is, concededly, a difficult test, since it requires of a public servant only that he have character. There are few rewards for standing up for the rights of criminal defendants, for free speech, for the separation of church and state, and there is always the clamor to go the other way.

Nelson Rockefeller likes to go the other way.

Under his leadership New York has enacted the following police measures since 1964: stop-and-frisk; no-knock, no-sock;

Stop-and-frisk; no-knock, no-sock; shoot to kill; lock up addicts. That's Governor Rockefeller's record on civil liberties legislation.

by Sidney E. Zion

Illustration by Dugald Stermer

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shoot to kill; and the civil commitment of narcotics addicts. On deck for certain passage this year is a Rockefeller-sponsored wiretap law which is broad enough to make Bobby Kennedy blush in his happiest days on the earphones. It is the most comprehensive crime package in the nation, containing virtually everything the law enforcement Establishment has fantasized about over the years. Ironically—though predictably—it has been of no practical value in the war on crime.

The governor moved smartly into the crime field in 1964 with a "curative" legislative program that featured a provision removing the ancient duty of a policeman to knock and announce himself before entering a home. At the time Rockefeller was running for the presidential nomination, and the package was apparently his "moderate" Republican answer to Barry Goldwater's crime-in-the-streets crusade. It is ironic that while Barry's line was correctly interpreted as a euphemism for the backlash, Rockefeller's action was overlooked, and he became the symbol for decency in the party.

Rocky's stop-and-frisk law has been used almost exclusively in the black communities, and its abuse has been a major cause of unrest. New York was one of the first states to pass such a law, and today some 15 states permit it either through statute or court decision. Stop-and-frisk has an interesting history that begins with Mapp v. Ohio, a 1961 U.S. Supreme Court ruling that barred from state trials evidence seized illegally by the police. Until that decision, the Fourth Amendment proscriptions against illegal search and seizure were virtually meaningless in the 24 states that had not adopted their own rules excluding such evidence from court. Indeed, during the half century before 1961, the New York Police Department had hardly ever applied for warrants, the feeling being that as long as the courts didn't care about the Fourth Amendment, why worry.

As far as searches on the street were concerned—warrants are not ordinarily required there—the police did not have to bother about whether they had probable cause to believe a suspect had committed or was about to commit a crime. They could search anyone with impunity. If they found nothing, the suspect could go. If something turned up like narcotics or gambling slips, the evidence would be admitted into court.

After the Mapp case, however, this was no longer permissible. To get around it, the police at first merely committed wide-scale perjury, claiming that the suspect had dropped the narcotics packets or gambling slips at his feet as the officer approached. This justified the arrest and made the evidence admissible since a crime (possession) had been committed in the presence of the police. Known as "dropsy" cases, the practice is still prevalent in New York and other large cities. But the enforcement Establishment was not pleased with this, surely not as a final solution. So the stop-and-frisk statutes were devised under the cover of "protecting the cop on the beat." The statute permits an officer, on the basis of "reasonable suspicion," to hold and frisk a suspect for the purpose of finding weapons. If in the process other contraband is found—such as narcotics—then of course the evidence can be used in court.

Stop-and-frisk is an obvious dodge that has served mainly to exacerbate racial tensions, legitimatize police perjury and demean the judicial system. The cops do not need a law to protect themselves from armed desperados. A cop that gets close enough to frisk an armed man is usually dead on arrival.

The Supreme Court may uphold the New York law this term, but that would in no way validate the liberal credentials of the governor who put it on the books and thus helped jingoize the courts.

IN 1966, TWO YEARS AFTER the passage of his stop-and-frisk law, Nelson Rockefeller was about to run for a third term as governor. He was in major political trouble; the polls showed him pulling as little as 25 per cent of the vote against *any* potential candidate—even though none had yet been named. At the same time, Barry Goldwater's old crime message had caught fire in the country. After two summers of rioting, delicacy was forgotten and the North was ready for business.

Whether these two factors were connected with Rockefeller's new $400 million Narcotics Addiction Control Act (NACA) can only be surmised, but the NACA became a major issue in the November campaign and probably had more to do with his upset victory over New York City Council President Frank O'Connor than any other single matter.

The NACA set up a compulsory treatment system for addicts, who can now be committed civilly or after criminal charges are placed. The civil commitment provision was the major constitutional issue. The New York Civil Liberties Union has a number of cases now pending in the courts alleging that it is cruel and unusual punishment to confine a person who has not been convicted of a criminal act and is of no proven danger to the community. The ACLU has also charged that the addiction control centers are in reality prisons, that the rehabilitation programs are a sham, and that in any event there is no known cure for addiction.

In fact, the "treatment" consists mainly of a couple of hours a week of group therapy with some vocational training added. The program, from impartial reports, appears to be failing badly, and it is difficult to understand how Rockefeller ever thought it would work—if, indeed, he ever did.

I recall, during the last days of the Rockefeller-O'Connor campaign, lunching with one of the governor's chief criminal law advisors, a man who had helped to frame the narcotics law. There were only a few days left before the elections, and Rockefeller was campaigning almost exclusively on the narcotics issue. O'Connor had pledged to throw out the law, which was not yet in operation, as he was an advocate of a modified English system for addicts, i.e., one that would provide them with limited free drugs to maintain their habit, thus keeping control over addiction and helping stem the crime associated with it.

In a series of TV commercials and full-page newspaper ads, Rockefeller all but accused O'Connor, a former district attorney, of favoring rape and murder. TV ads showed needles piercing arms; eerie scenes of dark streets and menacing footsteps were played against disembodied voices warning of trouble ahead for teenagers; and then the governor, in his well-known, jaw-jutting stance, warned the viewer: "If you want to keep the crime rate high, vote for O'Connor."

And so at lunch I told Rocky's man how enlightening the campaign was on the narcotics question—particularly since junkies commit no more than two per cent of violent crimes.

"Well," he said, "Nelson's losing the election. He's got to win and he's losing."

"Assume he wins," I said. "What are you going to do to make good on all this? How are you going to cure the junkies?

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What will you do after you've cleaned them off the streets?"

"But don't you see?" he answered. "Don't you understand? Once we get them in those centers we'll be able to try everything."

The campaign commercials did have the value of spelling out the real purpose of the NACA: ". . . a tough new law that can get addicts off the street for up to three years." But it is not even doing that to any large extent. In the first year, just ended, the program took in 3400 addicts (there are 40,000 known in New York City), most of whom were picked up on criminal charges and would have been put in jail anyway.

The major reason for this is that there are not enough judges to handle the addiction hearings. The act did not provide for traditional judicial administration, either in terms of money, judges or court personnel. Since everyone is entitled to a hearing to determine whether or not he's an addict, the pressures on an already overburdened court system are simply too much.

As though all this were not trouble enough, the legislature has cut $10 million out of next year's narcotics control budget. The governor, disturbed over the state of his pet project—"he thinks of it as his meal ticket, his Academy Award"—is already telling newsmen that murderers will walk freely on the streets if the act dies of malnutrition.

It being an election year for him again, perhaps Rocky will do something about it. And then we can get rid of crime on the streets. Again.

Meanwhile if a few bad guys break through the preventive defense of stop-and-frisk, no-knock, no-sock and civil commitment, there is always the Old Equalizer. Thanks to this year's election special, the cops can "shoot to kill" with what might be termed "reasonable will."

The legislative history of this law, and the governor's role in it, is a classic in the politics of crime.

BRIEFLY, THE STATE'S NEW PENAL LAW, which went into effect September 1, 1967, had a provision that limited the policeman's right to kill a fleeing suspect-felon to situations where he was armed and might reasonably be expected to endanger the life of the officer or a third person.

It somehow slipped through the wary eyes of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association and therefore through the legislature. Shortly after it became law, however, somebody noticed it and the outcry began, quickly rising to the cries of faith and morals. Neighborhood groups held meetings, towns held meetings, telegram campaigns were organized and, of course, there were public hearings.

On the other side, there was the Civil Liberties Union, the New York Times, the New York Post, and, of all people, the police commissioner of New York City, who pointed out that the new law had been in effect for months and had not hurt the cops or the public.

This counteroffensive did not do very well. The governor privately assured the legislative leaders that he'd sign any revision they put on his desk.

What they gave him would have pleased Mayor Daley. It effectively restores the right to shoot to kill any fleeing felon, requiring only that the officer "reasonably believe" the felon is armed. It then goes further than the pre-1967 law by adding a section aimed at Molotov cocktailers, permitting a cop or a private citizen to shoot a suspected arsonist even if the suspect is not found on the property involved. And a householder, under the bill, has the right to kill any intruder if he "reasonably believes" it is necessary to prevent or terminate the intrusion, regardless of whether the intruder appears ready to use force.

Moreover, by adding a no-sock bill as an amendment, which converts the common law right to resist an illegal arrest into a felony, a policeman can now legally kill a demonstrator who pulls away from his grip on a picket line.

After the legislature passed the shoot to kill, no-sock package, the governor sat on it for a number of days, during which a few of his most respected advisors, in and out of the government, tried to convince him to veto it.

Had Martin Luther King been killed by then he might well have listened.

I HAVE HEARD ROCKEFELLER'S RECORD on criminal justice explained on the grounds that he simply doesn't think too much about such things, that he just "goes along" rather mindlessly with what the cops want. He is, according to this rationale, a good, warmhearted guy, and thus could not have realized the impact of his measures on the ghetto people, whom he otherwise does so much for.

Rockefeller has indeed had an almost glorious reputation as a friend of the black community, and this has been negotiable in votes in each of his elections. It is, as has been noted earlier, one of his top cards against Nixon. But the record indicates, in the classic lyrics of the great New Orleans blues singer Cousin Joe, that he ain't so such-a-much.

Rockefeller has done virtually nothing to break union segregation, despite available legislation, and despite—or because of—his close relationship with the labor leadership. In fact, this and other anti-discriminating failures were tacitly conceded by the governor in March when he drastically overhauled his do-nothing State Commission on Human Rights.

The state-financed housing projects in New York are almost entirely for the benefit of middle income families, and this includes Rockefeller's new $6 million plan to "rebuild the slums." Medicaid, which the governor brought in with a flourish two years ago, has now been crippled by a $300 million legislative cut. Rockefeller had asked for a $200 million cut, which effectively beat the proposition in advance. To show how his priorities run, the state office complex under construction in Albany will cost over $600 million.

Still, the view that he knows not what he does on criminal matters is likely to spread as his record becomes part of the liberal consciousness. (It is scarcely, if ever, mentioned in the newspapers.) He is, after all, a charming guy, friendly and open. People seem naturally to like and trust him, and many of those who voted for him after his remarriage may even feel bound up in the adventure. His family foundation, with all its great works, does nothing to harm his humanitarian image. And, of course, he has done some excellent things for the state, particularly in higher education and transportation.

But it will not wash. His repressive crime measures were all political time bombs, and he has left too many fingerprints for a cop-out on the grounds of naïveté.

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[An Exclusive Report]

The Siege of Columbia

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[I. A TALE OF THREE PRESIDENTS]

GOD HAS BLESSED COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY in many ways, but not in its line of presidents. That demanding position has gone to only three men since the turn of the century—and each, in his own way, has bungled it.

The most legendary was Columbia's *président à vie*, Nicholas Murray Butler, who held the job from 1902 until 1945, nearly a full decade longer than the record reign of Pope Pius IX. Dr. Butler ran a tight ship, which was all right during prohibition, but as the century progressed his insistence on centralized power created serious administrative problems at the burgeoning university. He did, however, get along famously with many New York men of means—who might have shared Dr. Butler's pronounced antipathy for the New Deal.

President Butler—whose political and economic views seem to have been closer to Ayn Rand than to any recognizable 19th century theorist—caused the university occasional embarrassment by delivering fiery speeches against child labor legislation and defending the "right" of children to work. There may have been some method, however, in Dr. Butler's excess, for he attacked the organizing attempts of the American Newspaper Guild with the same vehemence he brought against anti-child labor laws. And in the mid-'30s, when Butler was doing most of his shouting, a large part of the child labor force was employed as newsboys. Columbia's board of trustees has been traditionally heavy with publishers who cannot help but appreciate such sentiments; it currently includes New York Times Publisher Arthur O. Sulzberger and Walter Thayer, president of the communications company owned by John Hay Whitney, publisher of the defunct Herald Tribune.

But Dr. Butler's most lasting achievement in his 43 years as president was to pack the Columbia board of trustees with representatives of the New York business and real estate Establishment interests—a composition which has remained unchanged throughout ensuing decades.

The trustees' choice of Columbia's next and most famous president was, then, natural. Former General of the Army Dwight Eisenhower took office in May 1948, with his military aide, Colonel Robert Schultz, on deck to carry out what many Columbia professors swear were explicit orders to keep the faculty from ever seeing the general. This absentee president took over at a time when Columbia desperately needed intellectual and administrative leadership; there were suggestions that the trustees' choice of Eisenhower was influenced more by political considerations than by the university's needs. (This was denied by the two men instrumental in convincing Eisenhower, as the general phrased it, "to change the location of my headquarters"—Columbia trustees Thomas J. Watson of IBM and Douglas Black, president of Doubleday, publishers of Eisenhower's *Crusade in Europe*.)

Eisenhower managed to talk Averell Harriman and his brother Roland into giving their family estate, Arden House, to Columbia. Other than that, however, he proved a disappointment in the vital task of raising funds to refurbish university facilities and strengthen its faculty. The general spent many of his spare office hours tucked away in a tower of Low Library, playing bridge with General Nevins, brother of then Columbia historian Allan Nevins. In 1950 he heeded Commander-in-Chief Truman's call to duty and went off to become supreme commander of NATO.

Despite such predecessors, however, Columbia's incumbent president, Grayson Kirk, is very likely to be remembered as its worst. Columbia was founded as King's College by the grace of George II in 1754, and in its 214 years of existence it has had no disaster commensurate with the student revolt that Grayson Kirk both laid the foundation for and triggered.

KIRK, A DAPPER COLUMBIA HISTORIAN with the proper Establishment credentials, began his training for the presidency by attending meetings of the board of directors of a Rockefeller-controlled oil company. Rockefeller interests are widely represented on the Columbia board of trustees and its attendant interlocking directorates, a relationship anchored in the fact that Columbia owns the land under Rockefeller Center and charges the brothers a reported $3 million a year to let their buildings stand there. When, in 1950, Grayson Kirk was named provost and acting university president, he was also named to the board of the Rockefellers' Socony Mobil.

For several years Kirk pushed hard to sell such "services" to Washington as Columbia wished to provide in its self-proclaimed role as a "national university" (a favorite phrase of former President Butler). Today, half of Columbia's operating budget comes from the federal government for "services" rendered, including classified secret weapons research for the Pentagon and other secret government contracts.

Columbia and the Roman Catholic Church tie for the honor of being Manhattan's largest landholder, each with four per cent of the loot (the portion of Columbia's endowment portfolio invested in real estate is sizably larger than that invested in stocks and bonds; one half of these holdings are in mortgages). It was probably only natural, if not inevitable, that many real estate men would end up on Columbia's board of trustees. Unlike Harvard, Yale, Princeton and other Ivy League schools, the Columbia alumni do not elect the university trustees; the trustees elect the trustees.

This self-perpetuating mechanism has tended to make even more powerful the real estate men on the board like vice chairman Percy Uris, head of Uris Buildings Corporation. In 1956 Columbia leased an entire square block of Wall Street to Uris Buildings Corporation, which in turn leased a building it was constructing on the property to the First National City Bank (one of whose directors, Alan H. Temple, is on Columbia's board of trustees). Trustee Samuel R. Walker is one of the biggest real estate consultants and investors in New York. Moreover, Courtney C. Brown, dean of Columbia's School of Business Administration, is on the board of directors of Uris Buildings Corporation.

As you can see, the Columbia board of trustees is a rather clubby place. Uris, for instance, has extensive dealings with

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the Rockefeller interests—Rockefeller Center, Inc., owns 25 per cent of the New York Hilton; Uris owns 50 per cent—and when Uris' firm went public a few years back one of his chief financial advisors was fellow Columbia trustee Benjamin J. Buttenwieser who was John McCloy's assistant while he was high commissioner of Germany. (McCloy is now chairman of the board of David Rockefeller's Chase Manhattan Bank.)

Kirk's main functions as president since 1953 have been keeping his Establishment government and corporation ties flowing smoothly and raising additional capital with which to buy more and more real estate. That's hard work. Along with his university duties, Kirk serves as a director of Con Edison, IBM, Nation-Wide Securities, Inc. and Dividend Shares, Inc. He remains a Socony Mobil director and is also a director of the Rockefeller-dominated Council on Foreign Relations, the equivalent of a private club for members of the defense and foreign policy Establishments.

Kirk's mentality has clearly been that Columbia can do what it damn well wants—as long as he pleases the trustees. This includes running roughshod through Harlem with a shovel. In a privately circulated memorandum to Columbia trustees spelling out the university's plans to take over the Morningside Heights area, Kirk made this argument for denuding the area of its Puerto Ricans and blacks: "These newcomers create an unsettled population, always pressing to secure cheap accommodations in this area. They are mobile with no interest in the community. Their average length of occupancy of apartments is about eight months."

And after all, it was the trustees' university. Who was going to complain besides a few blacks?

Now that is where Grayson Kirk made his biggest mistake. In the press of his corporate duties he had forgotten, of course, about his students.

[II. THERE IS NO GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY IN MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS]

MAYOR LINDSAY WAS OBVIOUSLY taken aback. "Have you dug your heels in that far?" he asked the president of Columbia University on the telephone. That may not be the way a mayor of New York ordinarily talks to a president of Columbia University, but the conditions were somewhat unusual—unusual enough for President Kirk, a thorough man, to dictate a memo of the conversation on June 21, 1966, for his files.

At that time Columbia was squabbling with almost everyone in sight over the Tartar tactics employed in its expansion efforts. Parks Commissioner Thomas Hoving had said that the university would build its cherished new gym in Harlem's Morningside Park "over my dead body." The City Planning Commission was frowning at the uncontrolled institutional incursions of Columbia and the other members of David Rockefeller's Morningside Heights, Inc. into the hilly area overlooking Harlem, where people had begun denouncing aspects of Columbia's expansion as racist. The residents of Morningside Heights had banded together in self-defense and through the Morningside Renewal Council—representing some 60 neighborhood groups and institutions—they had been holding less than satisfactory meetings with university representatives in a futile attempt to learn what Columbia's redevelopment ouija board had in store for them.

Kirk had just told the mayor that there would be no more of those meetings and that Columbia would be "decisively outvoted" by the people on every issue that arose, so there was no sense even talking about the issue since Columbia was not to be stopped.

Kirk's intransigent attitude toward the surrounding community stems from a passionate vision of Columbia weeding out all undesirable people and buildings from the area bounded by 110th and 125th Streets, from Morningside Park to Riverside Park, and with a Cinderella sweep of a $200 million wand, creating an intellectual Disneyland with suitable institutions for neighbors and pleasant housing for people working in this grove of man-made academe overlooking the ghetto.

A sense of divine right, if not manifest destiny (among the letters students purloined from Kirk's office was a dispatch from Columbia's chief counsel, John Wheeler, invoking the university's "manifest destiny to expand west of Broadway") has made Columbia rather callous about the fate of the people it is sweeping out. Unaffiliated residents, said a spokesman for Morningside Heights, Inc., are naturally displaced "by people who have some reason to be here. Historically this has always been the sense of the area."

The 1955 prospectus for Morningside Heights, Inc.—the nonprofit private redevelopment corporation dominated by Columbia and including affiliated educational institutions like Barnard College, the Union Theological Seminary and the Jewish Theological Seminary, plus other religious and charitable institutions in the area around Columbia—gives a better picture of what the formerly lower middle-class, racially balanced, moderate-rent residential area will become: "With wisdom at our disposal we are better able to inform our neighbors and co-workers as to the best means of improving their lot," the prospectus proclaims.

Columbia's plans for Morningside Heights include the elimination of all low-cost units for "unaffiliated persons" and the construction of none. This proposal has been called by some wags an "egghead ghetto," but the poor whites, blacks and Puerto Ricans who have been systematically booted out of cheap but clean living quarters have not been seen walking away smiling. The population displacement wrought by Columbia's institutional programs in Morningside Heights amounted to almost 10,000 people in the last decade and could exceed another 10,000 in the next. Projects on the drawing boards at Morningside Heights, Inc. call for the removal sometime between 1977 and 1982 at the latest of an estimated 9000 tenants occupying 3200 dwelling units. "Additional plans may eventually involve a somewhat larger number of people," Mr. Edward Solomon, an official of the development monolith, told the Westside News, a neighborhood weekly. A young Harlem writer said almost admiringly of Columbia, "They'll eat up that space just like Moloch."

Columbia has been called a slumlord by many evicted residents. The university is certainly acting the part; but the area it is "redeveloping" cannot be considered a slum by any reasonable standards. A map issued by Morningside Heights, Inc. shows three-fourths of the housing in the large area it has staked out for "development" as only "0-5 per cent dilapidated or deteriorating." Indeed, many of the buildings that have been taken over have not been razed but "converted" into dorms or office space.

Since Columbia's gargantuan expansion is not an urban

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renewal project, even the minimal guarantees available under public clearance have not been of help to Morningside Heights residents. Columbia and its cooperating institutions simply buy on the market and when they want a particular space they get rid of the tenants. Columbia rarely goes through the tedious procedure of legal evictions, having developed other methods to achieve that end. Many of the buildings are rent-controlled and make legal eviction difficult. So the university, usually through an agent, stops servicing the building, and the consequent cold drafts soon make the building uninhabitable; or else it simply stops accepting rent. Not infrequently, Columbia's tenants have been known to come home at night to find a plug inserted in their locks, preventing them from locking their own doors in the future.

Whatever these practices do to the principles of academic fair play, they have generally been successful. When the university runs into an obstinate situation, it is capable of either cajoling (paying recalcitrant tenants to move out), or getting bitchy. For example:

When Columbia wanted the Bryn Mawr, a large rooming house, the tenants refused to move and the owner refused to sell. Thus rebuffed, the university set out to represent the Bryn Mawr as a house of crime with drug addicts crawling all over the hallways. It had the consummate nerve—or skill—to set up a social work "rehabilitation program" for the Bryn Mawr. While the university failed in its character assassination of the Bryn Mawr house, the social work program apparently so overwhelmed the tenants that they finally moved out.

Once, six black tenants refused to abandon their homes at 609 West 115th Street. So Columbia let the building run down disgracefully. But this time the city fined the university on two counts of criminal negligence. The fines were $27 and $26 respectively.

One might think that such outrageous acts would almost necessarily involve infractions of the law. However, it must be assumed that the university checked the legality of their actions with the New York District Attorney's Office, which is headed by Columbia trustee Frank Hogan.

Primary targets for Columbia's raiding team have been the old hotels or rooming houses where many of the blacks and Puerto Ricans in the area live. These buildings are "SRO" in real estate parlance—not as in the theatre, but standing for the far less prosaic "Single Room Occupancy." A Morningside Heights, Inc. "core area" study released in 1967 disclosed that there were once 31 such "SRO" buildings in that area, providing cheap housing for poor people, but that 19 of them have already been removed or "converted" for institutional purposes. The Morningside Heights, Inc. dilapidation study indicated that only one of these buildings was in bad enough condition to be considered unfit to live in. Most of the remaining 12 "SROs" are soon to become part of Columbia's fief.

Three years ago, Manhattan's tough-minded ex-borough president, Constance Baker Motley, managed for a hopeful moment to bring Columbia's land-grabbing under some measure of control. A map of Morningside Heights was marked with the buildings that all institutions on the Heights said they intended to buy within the next decade. There was to be no expansion of Columbia or any other institution except as indicated on the map.

Barely three months after the plan was approved by the city, Columbia bought the Oxford Hotel on West 112th Street —a building not indicated on the map—and turned it into office quarters for an agency of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Pressed about breaking its word, Columbia told the city it no longer felt bound by any agreement to limit its expansion.

Such a blatant expression of territorial ambition could be taken to mean that Columbia has still bigger plans, as indeed it does. It has taken Morningside Heights, and its eyes are now on Harlem.

There have recently been rumors of Columbia secretly buying up Harlem property, but the university has denied them. Though Columbia is not anxious to openly discuss it at this point, it submitted a proposal to the New York Housing and Development Administration last year asking for "exclusive development rights" in the Harlem area from 125th to 135th Streets, from Broadway to the Hudson.

Its expansionist proposal—involving $160 to $180 million in construction—is quite unacademic: housing units, industrial facilities, research facilities and some recreational areas are planned. Such a project would seem more natural for Litton Industries than a university. Indeed, Columbia is already something of a conglomerate, and part of the reasoning behind its designs on Harlem is the theory of trustee Percy Uris that the university would do well to expand into electronics. A possibility for its Harlem plans is a capital development something along the lines of the successful Stanford Industrial Park with companies built around professors whose research Columbia sponsors. This of course would require enormous space for computers and the like, so some people in Harlem may have to get out of the way.

This may be less than desirable since the university's social philosophy over the past decade has succeeded only in further exacerbating racial tensions on the fringe of Harlem. Thousands of blacks and Puerto Ricans who formerly lived in the integrated Morningside Heights area have been forced down the slopes into Harlem itself or have moved into the area below 110th Street, resulting in the consolidation of a new ghetto there. If Columbia is successful in taking all of Morningside Heights, the part of New York on which Columbia has put its dibs will be largely a hill of white, rising above black and brown lowlands.

[III. THE UNIVERSITY AS SECRET AGENT NO. 1]

ISSUED IN 1960 and now out of print, the Employment Opportunities booklet for graduates of Columbia's School of International Affairs may become a collector's item in this now hyper-spy-conscious age. For number one on the list of career suggestions is the Central Intelligence Agency, headquartered in Washington, D.C.

Obviously, the booklet was issued before the Bay of Pigs, the National Student Association exposure and the national awareness of the implications of the CIA's manipulative role in American society. But, even then, it took some academic *chutzpah* to rank the CIA tops in preferred career opportunities —before the State Department, the Foreign Service, the USIA and the United Nations, which is near the bottom of Columbia's list.

If you read that list carefully you will know almost as much about Columbia's orientation as an institution of higher learning as the student rebels who spent the last part of this

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semester studying Grayson Kirk's correspondence.

A second category—jobs in private industry—gives first ranking to the overseas operations of Chase Manhattan Bank, First National City Bank, Mobil Overseas Oil, Socony Mobil, Standard Oil of New Jersey and Olin-Mathieson which, taken together, amount to the private foreign service of the Rockefeller financial interests. A third career classification emphasizes employment in CIA fronts such as the Asia Foundation, the Institute for International Education and the Free Europe Committee.

It is some list. In one column it explodes the myth that Columbia, as a well-endowed private university with a distinguished academic tradition, functions as an independent institution. Rather, the powers that define Columbia's role in society are the same powers that define America's role in the world. The internationalist eastern business interests, the great university research centers (exemplified in rather excessive form by Columbia) and the government's national security and foreign policy bureaucracies work hand in hand to maintain and perfect the Pax Americana.

It is instructive to see how such a complex, interlocking system operates, since the shock of recognition that such realities are at work under the covers of independent research and the valedictory principles of the disinterested pursuit of knowledge has recently led Columbia students to riot.

Columbia's ties with the secret government are so extensive that the university actually has both an overt and a covert national security apparatus on campus. The overt one is the School of International Affairs whose dean, Andrew Cordier, came from the U.N. Secretariat with an interesting history: in 1960, Cordier used his U.N. post to make possible the successful CIA-backed coup against Patrice Lumumba. Conor Cruise O'Brien, the Irish diplomat and former U.N. official, reports in his book, *To Katanga and Back*, that Cordier prevented Lumumba from using Radio Leopoldville at the crucial moments of the coup and went so far as to put the wavering troops of right-wing Colonel Mobutu back in line by paying their salaries with U.N. funds. There is additional background that defines the complex scope of relationships at work in such an event. CIA chief at the time of the coup was Allen Dulles whose law firm, Sullivan and Cromwell, represented Rockefeller's Standard Oil; secretary of State was Dean Rusk, who came to that position from his post as president of the Rockefeller Foundation. And the banker who led a delegation of American businessmen to the post-coup Congo to look over investment possibilities in the now pro-U.S. state was David Rockefeller of the Chase Bank and Morningside Heights, Inc.

The involvement of the CIA, Columbia and the Rockefeller interests in Africa goes deeper. Shortly after coming to Columbia, Dean Cordier established an African Studies program—one of a series of special divisions the School of International Affairs has consistently set up to do helpful research on America's Cold War hot spots. Director of Columbia's African program is Professor L. Gray Cowan, a key figure on the board of the African-American Institute, which once received 95 per cent of its funding from CIA fronts but which has also received heavy donations from the Rockefeller Fund, Inc. The AAI is critical to CIA operations in Africa since over 90 per cent of the African students who come to the United States to study are under its aegis. Two of Columbia's trustees are also trustees of the African-American Institute.

The School of International Affairs enjoys the largesse of the man who invented Lifesavers, Edward J. Noble. The school will soon operate from a new $14 million building on the Columbia campus named in honor of Noble, who died in 1958. The largest contributions to the school come through the Noble Foundation, which has received funds from a heretofore undisclosed conduit which has received money from the CIA dummy, the Charles Price Whitten Trust.

Compromising as these internecine relationships are, it was a covert military operation at Columbia that surfaced as a point of student protest last month. Columbia is one of the primary university sponsors of the secretive Institute for Defense Analyses, a "think tank" program which was set up in 1955 in order to channel university researchers into war technology.

But the IDA does more than cerebral work for the government. Columbia's Electrical Engineering Department has received $5 million in secret IDA contracts for anti-ballistic missile research programs. Columbia is also a key base of operations for IDA's controversial Jason Division which busies itself with questions ranging from the tactical use of nuclear weapons in Vietnam to the sophisticated problems involved in the application of biological warfare; Jason is also entrusted with research on counterinsurgency weapons for domestic and foreign use.

President Kirk is doubly damned by Columbia's IDA involvement, since he is a member of the IDA board of trustees, as is Columbia trustee William A. M. Burden, chairman of the IDA board. Columbia students have demanded that Kirk not only get the university out of weapons research, but that he get himself out, too, by resigning his trusteeship.

As the scope of IDA's weapons research becomes more widely known, several member universities are getting nervous and "reevaluating" their connections with it. The University of Chicago, for instance, has already withdrawn from IDA, an act which was applauded loudly by liberals who, it turns out, should have saved their palm skin.

The Columbia students who broke into Kirk's files discovered that the "withdrawal" was a con to fend off increasing faculty objections to their university pursuing lethal weapons research. A memo to Kirk from University of Chicago President George W. Beadle revealed that although Chicago had "formally" severed its IDA ties, it continued to send a representative to the board of trustees.

Other documents disclosed that Kirk was also planning to maintain his representation on the IDA board and as a diversionary tactic to transfer IDA work to a new nonprofit corporation called the Riverside Research Institute, scheduled to begin work in July under the direction of Lawrence O'Neill, Columbia professor of electrical engineering.

Such machinations over such contracts easily make Columbia Secret Agent No. 1 among competing universities. A final, concentric twist to this business of a university mixing James Bond with David Rockefeller was provided by one of the papers lifted by the undergraduate counterspies. It was a memorandum pointing out that the new, disguised IDA laboratory would require "600 staff members" whose housing would be "an excellent nucleus for the kind of renewal that will most benefit the university." The area targeted for such a nucleus was right there, west of Broadway and north of 125th Street. Harlem, finally, is getting an indigenous weaponry.

Photograph by Claus C. Meyer/Black Star

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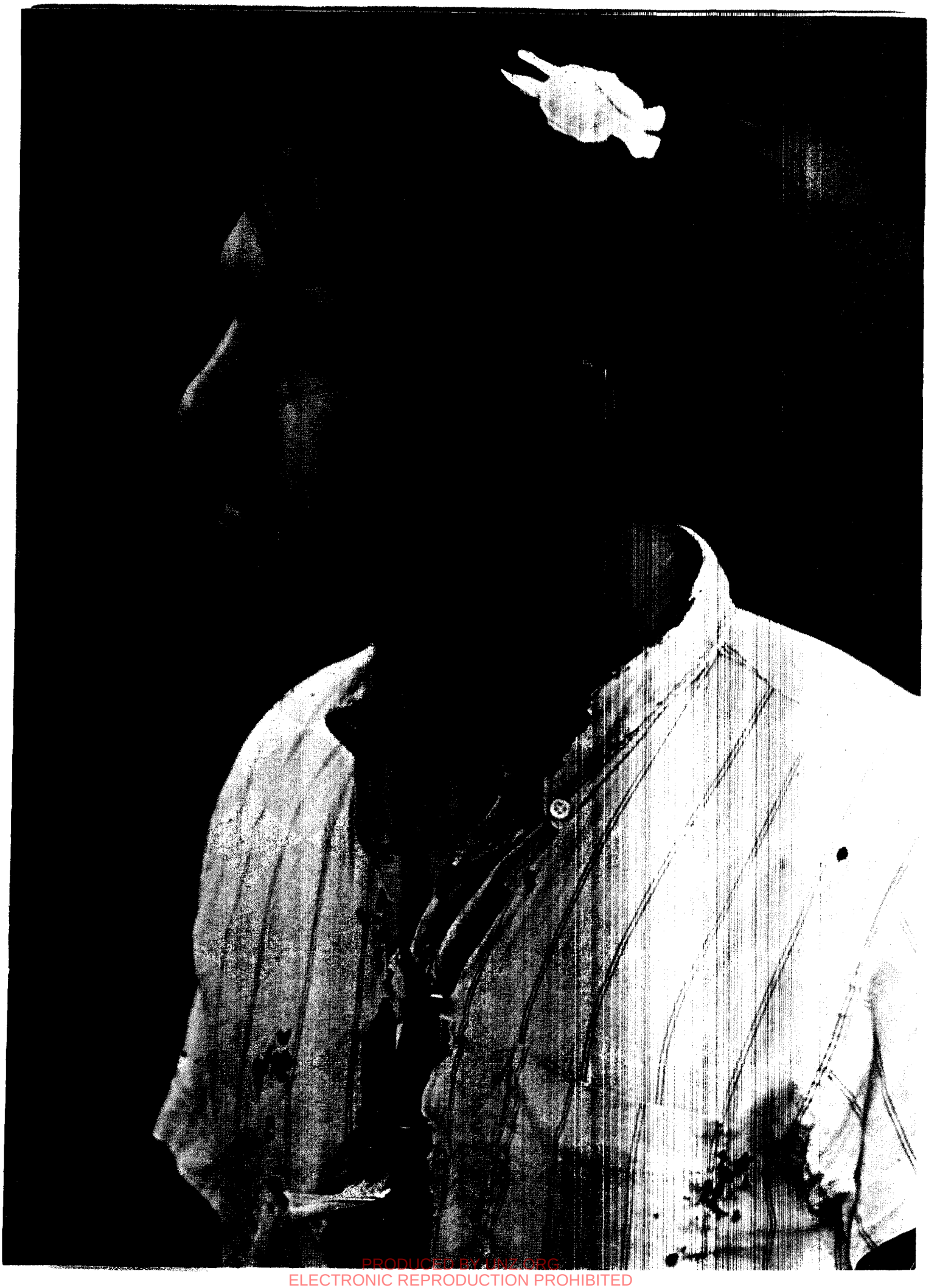

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POLICE FORCING ENTRY *into Fayerweather Hall is depicted in this series of photographs. They pushed through token barricades of chairs*

[IV. THE GATHERING STORM]

WHEN PRESIDENT KIRK is off attending board meetings of Socony Mobil or the Institute for Defense Analyses, he has a highly educated cop watching the store. That would be David B. Truman, an ambitious and smooth political scientist who, as dean of Columbia College, had developed a reputation for "firmness" in dealing with student and community bitching about Columbia's nonacademic activities.

A strong hand was needed, as the longstanding disgust with university policies and politics was beginning to coalesce around the unlikely issue of a new gymnasium to be built in Morningside Park. By now conscious of the rumblings of the natives, President Kirk and the trustees had made what was, to them, a grand gesture of community spirit: there would not be one but *two* gyms built on a steep slope in Morningside Park, each with its own separate but equal entrance—Columbia's at the top of the hill, Harlem's at the bottom.

President Kirk prepared for any possible trouble, like the

Photograph by Miriam Bokser/LNS

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a ground-floor window and door (13-20); told the students to leave (21); then instantly began dragging them out (24).

first class executive he is. He hired Carmine De Sapio's public relations man Sidney Baron, and he elevated David Truman to vice president and provost.

As a political scientist, Truman, in his book, *The Governmental Process*, was an early exponent of the "pluralistic" theory of American society, celebrating what he considered to be the unique accessibility of all interest groups to the decision-making process in America. But he made it clear that "pluralism" didn't apply to the institution he was managing. In an interview over the Columbia student radio station, he said, "The university is not, has not been and never pretended to be a democracy. . . . It must be directed by a small group of men with the experience to handle its affairs. . . ."

As the Columbia crisis played itself out it became clear that Truman, like Clark Kerr at Berkeley, espoused the liberal rhetoric for an institutional arrangement that depended, finally, on the cops. But it was Kirk who, concerned over increasing lobbying against his gym and weapons research, fired the first shot by issuing a petulant order that students were not to demonstrate, about anything, under university roofs.

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[V. "WE'LL TAKE A HOSTAGE OF OUR OWN"]

GRAYSON KIRK'S BAN on student demonstrations inside campus buildings was so sweeping that it prevented candidates for student office from collecting signatures in their dormitories. It was assumed that the rule, hastily enacted a few months ago, would only be used to outlaw unruly demonstrations. Therefore, Columbia students were amazed when Kirk employed the ban to put on probation six students out of a group of 200 who showed up at his office one day with a petition bearing the names of ten per cent of the student body.

The petition called for Columbia to sever its newly-revealed ties with the Institute for Defense Analyses. When the "IDA six" were suspended, Students for a Democratic Society called a demonstration to demand their reinstatement. SDS also demanded the development of a disciplinary system in which students participate, a break with the IDA, abandonment of the gymnasium project in Morningside Park and an end to the ban on indoor demonstrations.

TUESDAY: The rally started like many others. At noon on Tuesday, April 23, some 900 students gathered at the sundial down the steps from Low Library, which houses Kirk's office, to listen to speakers. Mark Rudd, a lanky junior from a suburb of Newark, long active in SDS, then suggested that the group march into Low Library to present its demands directly to Kirk.

But the administration—traditionally unwilling to talk things over with students—had locked the doors in anticipation of such a move, and 300 counterdemonstrators were sitting-in, protectively, in front of the building. (This faction was referred to by the SDS demonstrators as "jocks.")

Rudd leaped to a parapet and read a letter from David B. Truman, proposing a meeting on the other side of campus. The demonstrators, many of whom had lost faith after a long series of negotiations with unyielding administrators, shouted the offer down. Instead they called for direct action at the gym site, where a ten-foot-high cyclone fence separated the construction work from Harlem. Rudd, whose militancy wasn't exactly dampened by a recent visit to Cuba, shouted, "Tear the fucking fence down!"

A detachment of 350 students made the four-block trip and tore down the fence before a platoon of surprised patrolmen moved in with night sticks. One student, a junior named Fred Wilson, was badly beaten in the melee and arrested.

No sooner had the fence begun to fall than Rudd found himself another high perch from which he directed the students back to the campus, "to really settle things." It was 1:30 when they regrouped and began entering Hamilton Hall. The students were inspired by their tangible accomplishment at the gym site but seething over Wilson's arrest. "If they won't let Wilson go," Rudd said, "we'll take a hostage of our own." By this time the more flexible and public relations-minded administrators had become super-acquiescent, and Acting Dean Henry Coleman "surrendered" himself as a hostage.

"Is this a demonstration?" Rudd asked the crowd inside Hamilton, and they roared back, "Y-E-S!"—making clear their position on Kirk's ban. Coleman told them that he had neither the power to negotiate nor the desire to do so under coercion, but he repeated Truman's offer for a meeting—which would, of course, have dispersed the demonstrators.

The building was occupied; the siege was on.

Throughout the afternoon, members of the Student Afro-American Society, attracted by the gym issue, gradually joined the crowd. The SAS is not a new group at Columbia, but this was its first venture into real militancy. The group was organized in 1964 by Hilton Clark, son of Kenneth Clark, professor of psychology at City College of New York. At that time the membership of Columbia CORE was predominantly white, and black students felt they were likely to get the short end of the stick. The SAS had eschewed "direct action" and had stayed out of war-oriented protests until the combination of the IDA and the gym questions rolled all the issues up into one.

By early evening the SAS members were about 100 strong and were augmented by SNCC workers and followers from off-campus. "We're going to do whatever is necessary to get the demands met," said Ray Jones of SAS. "The community is taking over. . . . This ain't no love-in."

As black and white demonstrators mingled in an uneasy alliance, a small group of jocks began to mill around the building. SAS leader Cicero Wilson went to the door with a portable bullhorn and hollered: "I don't know what you've got at stake here, but we black people are prepared to die tonight." The jocks' demonstration ended abruptly.

WEDNESDAY: About 5:00 a.m., the black students suggested that their white allies leave Hamilton and seize another building. Rudd agreed, remarking, "The black people ought to be able to do their thing," and after some argument among the whites, Hamilton Hall was left to the black students. Their disagreement had been essentially tactical. SDS considered Hamilton a base from which to reach out and educate the other students. For the blacks, barricades and self-defense were a vivid assertion that in holding the building they were making a realistic stand in their isolation. Posters of Stokely Carmichael and Malcolm X were hung immediately along with a sign outside the building renaming it "Malcolm X University."

The white students who felt rejected went home. The others, who sensed that this segregation was inevitable, decided to take President Kirk's office. They were still afforded a great deal of protection by the fact that their actions paralleled those of the blacks: Columbia couldn't very well move against whites for actions it tolerated by blacks. And less than a month after the murder of Martin Luther King, with Harlem only a DMZ away, moving against blacks seemed inadvisable.

Shouting the special battle cry of the Columbia rebellion, "Up against the wall, motherfucker!" (from a poem by LeRoi Jones popularized by the brilliant new New York underground paper, The Rat), the whites battered down the door of Low Library with a bench. Campus police promptly called in the city police (who are not supposed to act without an administration warrant). Their arrival frightened a number of students, who promptly left Kirk's four-room suite via the windows. This left 27 diehards and the campus police, who were permitted to remove a $450,000 Rembrandt from the office.

Kirk shouldn't have feared the students' destructiveness but their intelligence. Several of them had already done research on Columbia's role as a slumlord and paramilitary research outfit. They knew that the fourth room, Kirk's personal office, was likely to harbor documents elucidating these matters. And, after some debate, a small group—which called itself "the radical caucus" and did not put its action to a vote—broke into it. They did indeed find evidence of Columbia's role in weapons research and of its disdain for the black community.

Photograph by Claus Meyer/Black Star

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BOTH LOW LIBRARY AND Malcolm X/Hamilton Hall were still in student hands when the sun rose Wednesday morning. Barnard girls stepped out of Low and made the rounds of Broadway's small grocery stores, stocking up on bread, sandwich meats, orange juice, cigarettes and Tampax. The few neighborhood militants who had brought pistols into Hamilton departed at the urging of SNCC spokesmen, leaving matters in student hands. Coleman was released for fear he might be hurt if violence erupted.

Cops were on and off the campus all day; the faculty held a meeting; Kirk met with Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton and a few other black politicians. A black police sergeant on a ledge outside Kirk's office complained of the cold, and demonstrators inside passed him a bottle of the president's best sherry.

At about 8:00 p.m., university spokesmen were allowed into Hamilton where they attempted to persuade the black demonstrators that they were being "used" by the whites, and they offered a separate peace: if the blacks would leave, the administration would guarantee that they receive relatively minor punishment. This was only the first of several administration attempts to split blacks from whites (which would free Kirk and Truman to turn the cops on the whites without risking trouble from nearby Harlem).

Since 5:00 p.m., architecture students and faculty in Avery Hall had remained in their building. Although some of the rooms in Avery are often used in the small hours of the morning, police ordered the building cleared at 10:00 p.m. Both students and faculty, who have long complained that Columbia's expansion activities make no use of the planning skills available right on campus, refused to leave. The campus revolution had captured a third building—from the inside.

THURSDAY: Ideological positions were being sorted out, and at 2:00 a.m. Fayerweather Hall fell to a small group which quickly swelled. Barricades were going up without discussion as to their tactical necessity, and the kitchens began to function. It was in Fayerweather that a male leader asked for girls to volunteer for cooking duty and was laughed down when a female voice shouted back that "liberated women aren't cooks." He apologized, and the kitchen was set up on a desegregated basis with a member of the varsity wrestling team in charge. The incident led to an appreciation rare in radical movements: the demonstrators became edgy about male-female discriminations (to the point that, in Avery and Fayerweather, new signs were hung on toilets reading: "Desegregated John: Men *and* Women").

By this time it had become clear that this was not merely another student demonstration that could be resolved with a few suspensions. Columbia was headed for a crisis potentially more explosive than the one at Berkeley four years before.

The usually disorganized and passive faculty then began to enter the picture. There is no official faculty senate at Columbia (when asked about this problem on "Face the Nation," President Kirk explained it by saying that there wasn't any building on the Columbia campus big enough to hold the entire faculty). But the administration called a meeting of some 200 "senior" faculty members on April 28 and received from them a resolution of support.

Several of the younger faculty members, more sympathetic to the students, organized a group to try to mediate between the administration and the students and called it the Ad Hoc Faculty Committee. It was open to all faculty members and was in continuous emergency session with a hard core of about 80 members (most of its formal meetings attracted about 200). A small caucus of radical professors inside the Ad Hoc Committee wanted a strong condemnation of the administration, and at one point in the crisis some of them, out of frustration, seriously considered seizing a building on their own. But the balance of power in the Ad Hoc Committee basically lay with moderate professors who wanted the dispute resolved and peace restored at almost any cost so that they could go back to their disrupted research and teaching. The moderates failed in their attempts at mediation not so much because both administration and students remained intransigent but because the faculty role was political and opportunistic. With the rare exception of those who were literally willing to put their bodies on the line, faculty members cooled it at a time when what was needed was some commitment and leverage against the administration.

Their antipathy should not be surprising. In a subway college the faculty were merely commuters; they couldn't respond to a collective challenge and find a sense of community.

It didn't help when they turned over the main job of trying to negotiate a settlement to Allan Westin, a thirty-eight-year-old fast-rising professor of government who, many of the faculty now feel, was too busy trying to ingratiate himself with the administration to serve any useful purpose. Marvin Harris, a professor of anthropology and former chairman of that department, wrote a letter to the commission now investigating the whole crisis in which he accused Westin of deceiving or misrepresenting the faculty group on at least four different occasions with the goal of preventing the Ad Hoc Committee from taking a stronger stand against the administration.

All during Thursday, unofficial "negotiations" took place as the faculty tried to get demonstrators and administrators to agree to proposals for a tripartite (student-faculty-administration) disciplinary group, but the administration seemed stubborn. Kirk and Truman held a press conference refusing to consider amnesty, which Kirk said would "destroy the whole fabric of the university community." Less than an hour later, after demonstrators in Low Library made use of an electric bullhorn, university maintenance men cut off the electricity and the heat in Kirk's office. The jocks called a meeting to plan a vigilante response to the demonstration but were cooled by Dean Coleman (himself a former crew oar) and basketball coach Jack Rohan.

By 6:00 p.m., the police had come on campus and circled Low Library, refusing to let anyone in; there were no arrests, however, and the police made no attempt to stop the passage of food and medicine. This situation held until after midnight, when Truman made a surprise announcement to the faculty: despite previous assurances that he wouldn't, he had unleashed the cops to dislodge the demonstrators. While shocked faculty members shouted "Shame!" and "Liar!" a few of their number rushed to Low Library where about 30 of them (including some full professors over sixty) managed to form a line before a group of 25 plainclothesmen.

FRIDAY: The cops were wearing trench coats, under which they had billy clubs (what they didn't have were badges or any other form of identification; they even refused to identify themselves as cops). They charged, swinging, into the faculty line—sympathetic students had been asked by the

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faculty to stand aside—and clubbed their way through the line and into Low. Richard Greeman, an instructor in French, was left on the ground, bleeding from a head injury.

Truman, however—possibly shaken by the contemptuous reception he had received from the faculty—stopped the police after they were inside Low, and they made no attempt to move on the demonstrators in Kirk's office. After two hours or so, Truman appeared (it was then about 3:00 a.m.) to announce to 1000 assembled students and faculty that, "at faculty request," he was sending the cops home. He also announced that Mayor Lindsay and Kirk had jointly agreed on a temporary suspension of work on the gym and that the whole university would be closed until Monday.

However, while all this was going on, the demonstrators kept the initiative. About 30 new recruits joined with another 30 volunteers who sneaked out of Low and, in a careful maneuver complete with synchronized watches and a key borrowed from a faculty member, "liberated" the Mathematics building. This was the first building taken by a group not concerned with the building itself; the architecture students had taken their own building, but there were few if any mathematicians in the group that took Mathematics.

When the demonstrators took Mathematics, the cops took the rest of the campus, occupying all of the "unliberated" buildings. They also moved to barricade all but two of the entrances to the campus, restricting entry to students, faculty, cops and press.

About the only group that pushed through were 400 black high school students who came in handy when the cops at the barricade refused entry to Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown at about 1:00 p.m. They rushed to the Amsterdam Avenue entrance and blew police minds by running around chanting, "beep-beep, bang-bang, ungawa, Black Power" until the distracted cops allowed Carmichael and Brown to slip by. The two spent 45 minutes in "Malcolm X Hall"; Brown made a brief statement outside the hall, and they left quietly.

A WEEKEND INTERLUDE: Throughout the weekend the New Left indulged its propensity for ideological gab—but it was kept down to earth by the need to outline plans for the coming bust. In Mathematics, windows were blocked with huge styrofoam sheets (they won't stop cops, but they'll stop tear gas), and the main door was blocked with desks and filing cabinets. After long discussions the demonstrators agreed that when the police arrived they would try to hold the barricades, then retreat in small groups to rooms on the upper floors and finally offer nonviolent resistance when arrested. A supply of Vaseline was laid in for protection against Mace and tear gas.

Outside, the jocks relaxed. Some of them, dressed up as Indians, announced the formation of Pupils for an Indian Society (PIS) and demanded the return of Manhattan. But on the same day there were anti-war demonstrations elsewhere in Manhattan; police attacked a group in Washington Square and another group on Central Park West—the latter group on their way to Columbia. Their rally had begun in the park's Sheep Meadow, and the last speaker—Steve Halliwell of Columbia SDS—had suggested a march to Columbia as a demonstration of solidarity.

By the time Halliwell finished speaking, more than 800 cops had arrived at the Amsterdam Avenue entrance to the campus, and another 300 had taken positions at the gym site. The marchers had to walk from 68th Street to 116th, and the cops who had been at Sheep Meadow outraced them to 86th, where they blocked the line of march; when the demonstrators detoured onto Central Park West, the cops moved in. In the absence of the press (the reporters had all gone ahead to 116th Street), the cops beat up a number of demonstrators in the park and arrested 20. But 400 demonstrators, dispersed into small, fleeing groups, made it to the campus all the same to hear Rudd and Halliwell offer their thanks and suggest dispersal "for now."

SUNDAY WAS A LITTLE TOUGHER. Some of the demonstrators in Hamilton and Low had spent four nights there, and some of the jocks intended to starve them out. Their onetime "Committee for a Free Campus" (the name went through various permutations) became "The Coalition of the Majority" (MC)—a deliberate misnomer—and wearing coats and ties to distinguish themselves from the "unkempt" demonstrators, they circled Low and announced that they would allow medical supplies, but not food, to enter.

Things got rough when about 50 of the demonstrators from Mathematics tried to break the blockade; fists flew, but nothing went through. In fact, the attempt was mostly symbolic; the blockade runners didn't have any food to begin with.

MONDAY: Police placed themselves between the two lines, but early on Monday Tom Hurwitz and SDS leader John Jacobs led another try after the cops left. That one was even rougher, but still unsuccessful. In the afternoon, two blacks from Hamilton/Malcolm X Hall and about 50 whites approached the MC line. Police quickly formed up in front of the jocks, and the demonstrators beat the blockade by airlift, tossing bread, fruit, salami and cans of sardines over both lines and into the windows of Low. Police made no attempt to stop the airlift, and the jocks couldn't.

The spirit inside the buildings was unforgettably friendly. On Sunday night in Fayerweather, Rev. William Starr, Columbia's advisor to Protestant students, had married a couple who had been planning their wedding for Memorial Day. Richard Eagan, wearing a white Nehru coat and beads, and Andrea Barroff, wearing a white sweater, white dungarees and tennis shoes ("My only regret," she said, "is that I couldn't take a bath before my marriage"), were united in a ceremony which began, "We are gathered in a new world which we built for ourselves," and ended with Starr's proclaiming the couple "children of a new age." They took a honeymoon walk around the campus and then returned to Fayerweather, where they gave their names to reporters as "Richard and Andrea Fayerweather."

On Monday, with the campus still closed, the demonstrators tensed for what they knew was soon to come. A faculty proposal which would have had the effect of an amnesty went unanswered by Kirk. Psychologist Kenneth Clark, Human Rights Commissioner William Booth and labor mediator Theodore Kheel visited the blacks but not the whites, offering concessions in exchange for a peaceful departure. Off campus, a group called Morningsiders Against Columbia Expansion (MACE) marched around the campus and promised to supply food to the strikers. A high school group, a group of Harlem militants called Mau Mau, the PTA of P.S. 165, peace pickets and SDS groups from other campuses marched nearby.

At about 10:00 p.m., the police began to seal the campus.

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[VI. "POLICE BRUTALITY IS HARD TO DEFINE"]

THERE WERE MORE THAN 1000 COPS, some of them in plain clothes and without any identification; they had used nearby churches, like Corpus Christi at 121st and Broadway, as staging areas, entering the campus about 1:30 a.m. Tuesday.

An uneasy but determined group of sympathizers, including a number of faculty members, lined up in front of Low Library. Inside the buildings, sleeping demonstrators were awakened; watchers at the windows reported on what they saw, and telephone communications spread the news around. In Fayerweather, someone put on a Rolling Stones record and a number of demonstrators began to dance. A few demonstrators, who for various reasons couldn't risk arrest, and some medical helpers slipped out of the building, taking with them for safekeeping the valuables belonging to those who stayed.

The cops began by massing some of their forces at Low—which brought a group from outside Hamilton to defend the library building; police quickly set up barricades to isolate Hamilton and then moved in.

This was their delicate moment. They carried no clubs, and they moved relatively gently through a line of faculty after a teaching assistant, Neal Hurwitz, told the faculty that the black demonstrators did not intend to resist arrest. Psychologist Kenneth Clark later wrote of "the dignified methods" used by the police at Hamilton.

The blacks had been visited in advance by Clark; Human Rights Commissioner William Booth was also on the scene. The agreement for peaceful arrest was negotiated, and a black assistant chief inspector, Eldridge Waith, led a small group of black policemen in opening the door of the building with crowbars (they had forgotten to get a key). Another group of police had entered Hamilton through underground tunnels (one reason why the sympathizers in front of the hall put up so little resistance) and the blacks were asked to line up in rows of two. The cops began to handcuff them, but Waith—at the request of Columbia administration officials who had trailed the cops into the building—had the handcuffs removed.

But at the buildings occupied by the whites, there were no holds barred.

"Police brutality," wrote reporter Martin Arnold loftily in the New York Times, "is hard to define." It's difficult to figure out what Arnold had on his mind since his own story recounted how a Times reporter, Robert Thomas, was clubbed all the way down a stairway and kicked when he landed.

The first casualty of the bust was a faculty member—Spanish instructor Frederick Courtney. When the police began to surround Low, Courtney attempted to join the 150 people standing between the cops and the building; a group of plainclothes cops pulled him into an open space, knocked him down and kicked him several times in the head and back.

After the arrests had begun at Hamilton, a lieutenant led two lines of policemen to the sundial and said simply, "O.K., boys—let's clean 'em away." The cops fell to on demonstrators and bystanders alike, driving 500 people before them in a club-swinging, head-crunching melee. A running jock tripped, looked up and screamed at an oncoming cop, "But I'm on your side!" A club crunched into his shoulder anyway.

At Low, a double line of cops charged the faculty and student line outside the building—unidentifiable plainclothesmen in front. A number of observers insist that women in the line were attacked first (a sixty-year-old assistant to a dean, Mrs. Mary Goodwilly, was pushed off a four-foot ledge; she was later taken to Knickerbocker Hospital in a wheelchair).

They smashed through the doors despite the barricades and—while most of demonstrators sat singing "We Shall Not Be Moved"—began throwing the chairs and other barricade debris at the students. The plainclothesmen stayed outside where they pummeled people after the uniformed cops inside had thrown them, gauntlet-fashion, down the stairs. At Low and at Fayerweather there were no clubs—but there were plenty of fists and blackjacks.

At Fayerweather, there were also walkie-talkie aerials which the cops swung whip-like as they moved through the faculty line. Rabbi A. Bruce Goldman, faculty advisor to Jewish students, was dropped with a blackjack, staggered to his feet, was blackjacked again and repeatedly kicked. Professor Sidney Morgenbesser of Philosophy was dropped, beaten and eventually taken to the hospital on a stretcher. History professor James Shenton was kicked and beaten, and his left elbow was broken open.

Three times during the night, police forced groups into areas on campus from which there was no escape (and which were away from cameras and reporters) and fell to with clubs, blackjacks and handcuffs (the latter were either swung or used as makeshift brass knuckles). "I went to that part of the campus between Avery and Fayerweather Hall," Clark wrote later. "The sight there sickened me." Faculty witnesses say that the cops singled out black students wherever possible.

IT WAS LIKE THAT ALL OVER the campus and on the surrounding streets. Only the blacks in Hamilton—perhaps for reasons of public relations rather than police sympathy—escaped the fury of the finally unleashed cops.

The number and extent of injuries are difficult to determine (one policeman was treated for exhaustion; a later police statement said he had a heart condition). The two hospitals involved—St. Luke's and Knickerbocker—say that no one was hospitalized overnight except the policeman; a number of demonstrators say at least 100 were treated.

When it was over, the police announced that they had arrested 628 persons, including some faculty members, for criminal trespassing (a misdemeanor) and had charged 92 persons with "other charges"—some of them, apparently, the same persons. The administration, in the meantime, took the press on a tour of the cleared buildings to show how much damage the demonstrators had done.

But there were simply too many people around for the administration to get away with that one. The demonstrators had, in fact, been careful about damage; they moved furniture, occasionally dismantled bookcases for use as barricades, scrupulously piling the books neatly out of the way, removed a few doors for the same reason, scrawled slogans on blackboards and sometimes on walls (one paraphrased Che Guevara: "In the revolution one wins or dies—or gets expelled"). But the real damage was done by police.

"While standing on Amsterdam Avenue," Kenneth Clark wrote to Commissioner Leary in an open letter sent to the New York Times (but which was never published), "John Heyman and I observed through the windows of Fayerweather Hall police in the act of deliberately destroying furniture inside.

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This destruction of property seemed incredible to us; it had no observable rational purpose."

In Mathematics, the cops broke windows and automatically chopped out all locked doors with axes. Six mathematics faculty members have sworn that a few of their fellows and some administrators deliberately damaged the buildings to make it look worse before the press saw it.

During the entire period of carnage most of the administration officials, including Kirk and Truman, stayed closed in a room in Low Library, well insulated from the horror outside. When the campus had finally been quieted, a reporter observed Kirk and Truman through an open window. They were having a drink.

[VII]

The important thing is to pull yourself up by your own hair; to turn yourself inside out and see the world with fresh eyes.

—PETER WEISS, "Marat/Sade"

THE OUTSIDE WORLD DID NOT UNDERSTAND Columbia, nor did most commentators evidence any intention of trying. At the height of the crisis a New York Times' editorial expressed the very political theology against which the students were rebelling in the first place:

Convinced of the purity of their own motives and the rottenness of "the system," today's campus militants seek to impose their views upon the universities they attend and upon the societies in which they live, even if this means ignoring or violating the rights of others or preventing universities from going about their normal educational and research activities. In some countries and some situations such tactics and anger are understandable. . . .

But in the United States, Britain and other democratic countries there is no such justification. Here the right of peaceful demonstration is guaranteed and real; here there are abundant opportunities for voicing dissident views and for bringing pressures to bear on public and private lawmakers; . . .

In society, as in physics, actions tend to produce reactions. . . . Fascism of the left raises the specter of fascism of the right, and either or both would bury freedom.

If the student radicals of Morningside Heights contemptuously rejected the liberal perorations of the Times, it wasn't as if they weren't familiar with their logic. They simply had had it. They had read David Truman's elitist theory of the pluralist society in their political science classes. And they saw what those theories meant in reality through the behavior of Dean Truman himself.

It was not a "fascism of the left" that the students were trying to counterpose to all that garbage, but rather a more radical and ultimately more appealing notion of what the obligations of democratic citizenship are than the one the Times entertained. The students knew that the distinction which the Times made between democratic societies and totalitarian societies obfuscated more than it clarified; their experience of months of frustration with the Columbia administration in futilely attempting to exercise dissent through the traditional "channels" only validated and allowed to proceed unimpaired a system which they knew to be rigged and oppressive behind the facade of its legalism. Finally, they came to understand that the civility and tolerance that was asked of them in the face of moral evil really meant that the established oppressive practices would continue to exist; the administration could easily put up with verbal protest.

Instead of remaining civil, the students became intransigently intolerant, rude, even downright nasty. But the result was not the constriction of freedom which the New York Times prophesied. On the contrary, the deliberate act of disruption actually led to a widening of the scope of freedom. When the ordinary processes of the university had come grinding to a halt, real alternatives to the established policies could be discussed for the first time as rational projects.

COLUMBIA WAS NO REVOLUTION because those who created it could never really hope to take power. The importance of the Columbia upheaval lies not in any concrete institutional changes that may eventually be achieved on that campus (although such a resolution is obviously important for the students and faculty who took part), but rather in its total educational impact.

Many, students and faculty alike, became radicalized by the rebellion. Some became more conservative, more committed to the status quo of the institution. Thus the atmosphere was polarized. It may well be that this polarization is the most valuable result of such crises, since the old reasonableness is no more than a cover, permitting education to be a vacuous thing that is meaningless in people's lives. In such university situations, everybody "does his thing," including professors who work on germ warfare next to others who spend their time doing humanistic research. After a crisis the university is divided into camps, each of which is stimulated to try to make its knowledge and its view of the world meaningful.

All of this is purgative and ultimately much healthier than the false sense of routine and reason which serves to obscure an enormous amount of banality. Thus, by disrupting the orderly process the veil has been lifted; the institution has been observed to have *real* interests, and one can determine for oneself whether one wishes to support those interests.

Since the end of World War II, American students had blithely accepted the advice of their teachers and made appropriate adjustments to a suffocating society. Their professors, of course, had surrendered first; many of them were ex-radicals and reformers who had given up the dream of radical change in order to celebrate the society because it was successful in delivering material goods. All of this was done in the name of "realism" and scientific objectivity and was heralded by Columbia professor of sociology Daniel Bell as the "End of Ideology," a phrase that for the radical students became an epitaph for an age.

Against the Daniel Bells and the David Trumans the radical Columbia students were unashamedly old-fashioned enough to offer up a utopian vision of social institutions that do not need to defend their values by repression. The students made the great refusal; they were romantic; they dreamed the impossible. Those among their professors who cannot think in a radical way, the students said, inevitably become apologists for the existing order under the guise of merely describing it, in the vernacular: "That's the way it is—you can't change it."

Against such realism, the members of Columbia's short-lived new society rebelled, in the vernacular: "Up against the wall, motherfuckers!"

The latter is vulgar; the former is obscene.

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"Two, Three, Many Columbias"

By Tom Hayden

THE GOAL WRITTEN on the university walls was "Create two, three, many Columbias"; it meant expand the strike so that the U.S. must either change or send its troops to occupy American campuses.

At this point the goal seems realistic; an explosive mix is present on dozens of campuses where demands for attention to student views are being disregarded by university administrators.

The American student movement has continued to swell for nearly a decade: during the semi-peace of the early '60s as well as during Vietnam; during the token liberalism of John Kennedy as well as during the bankrupt racism of Lyndon Johnson. Students have responded most directly to the black movement of the '60s: from Mississippi Summer to the Free Speech Movement; from "Black Power" to "Student Power"; from the seizure of Howard University to the seizure of Hamilton Hall. As the racial crisis deepens so will the campus crisis. But the student protest is not just an offshoot of the black protest—it is based on authentic opposition to the middle-class world of manipulation, channeling and careerism. The students are in opposition to the fundamental institutions of society.

The students' protest constantly escalates by building on its achievements and legends. The issues being considered by seventeen-year-old freshmen at Columbia University would not have been within the imagination of most "veteran" student activists five years ago.

Columbia opened a new tactical stage in the resistance movement which began last fall: from the overnight occupation of buildings to permanent occupation; from mill-ins to the creation of revolutionary committees; from symbolic civil disobedience to barricaded resistance. Not only are these tactics already being duplicated on other campuses, but they are sure to be surpassed by even more militant tactics. In the future it is conceivable that students will threaten destruction of buildings as a last deterrent to police attacks. Many of the tactics learned can also be applied in smaller hit-and-run operations between strikes: raids on the offices of professors doing weapons research could win substantial support among students while making the university more blatantly repressive.

In the buildings occupied at Columbia, the students created what they called a "new society" or "liberated area" or "commune," a society in which decent values would be lived out even though university officials might cut short the communes through use of police. The students had fun, they sang and danced and wisecracked, but there was continual tension. There was no question of their constant awareness of the seriousness of their acts. Though there were a few violent arguments about tactics, the discourse was more in the form of endless meetings convened to explore the outside political situation, defense tactics, maintenance and morale problems within the group. Debating and then determining what leaders should do were alternatives to the remote and authoritarian decision-making of Columbia's trustees.

The Columbia strike represented more than a new tactical movement, however. There was a political message as well. The striking students were not holding onto a narrow conception of students as a privileged class asking for inclusion in the university as it now exists. This kind of demand could easily be met by administrators by opening minor opportunities for "student rights" while cracking down on campus radicals. The Columbia students were instead taking an internationalist and revolutionary view of themselves in opposition to the imperialism of the very institutions in which they have been groomed and educated. They did not even want to be included in the decision-making circles of the military-industrial complex that runs Columbia: *they want to be included only if their inclusion is a step toward transforming the university*. They want a new and independent university standing against the mainstream of American society, or they want no university at all. They are, in Fidel Castro's words, "guerrillas in the field of culture."

How many other schools can be considered ripe for such confrontations? The question is hard to answer, but it is clear that the demands of black students for cultural recognition rather than paternalistic tolerance, and radical white students' awareness of the sinister paramilitary activities carried on in secret by the faculty on many campuses, are hardly confined to Columbia. Columbia's problem is the American problem in miniature—the inability to provide answers to widespread social needs and the use of the military to protect the authorities against the people. This process can only lead to greater unity in the movement.

Support from outside the university communities can be counted on in many large cities. A crisis is foreseeable that would be too massive for police to handle. It can happen; whether or not it will be necessary is a question which only time will answer. What is certain is that we are moving toward power—the power to stop the machine if it cannot be made to serve humane ends.

American educators are fond of telling their students that barricades are part of the romantic past, that social change today can only come about through the processes of negotiation. But the students at Columbia discovered that barricades are only the beginning of what they call "bringing the war home."

Mr. Hayden, a founder of SDS, wrote Rebellion in Newark *and is co-author with Staughton Lynd of* The Other Side. *He spent four days in Mathematics Hall at Columbia with the sit-in.*

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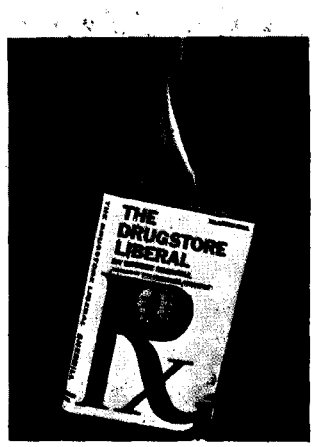
1. *"McGraw-Hill has decided not to publish a highly critical biography of Vice President Humphrey, even though it has already publicized the book. The book's new publisher, Richard Grossman, said that Lawrence Grow, the McGraw-Hill editor who handled the book, had told him the company was getting 'flak' from an unnamed representative of the Johnson Administration. Mr. Grow referred all inquiries yesterday to Dan Lacy, senior vice president of McGraw-Hill, who said: 'We didn't publish it because we didn't think it was a very good book. The manuscript was very disappointing. There was no pressure from anyone.'"* —The New York Times, April 24, 1968

2. *"The book had already been accepted, copy edited, and a book jacket design had been commissioned. My editor there, Lawrence Grow, told me that McGraw-Hill had received a mysterious phone call from Washington and that the book was going to be reread by management. Later, when I was told McGraw had changed its mind, they explained the firm was particularly susceptible to White House pressure because McGraw is bringing out President Johnson's speeches."*
—Robert Sherrill

3. *"Any implication of White House involvement is entirely false. We didn't publish the book because we didn't like it. We are not in the habit of showing manuscripts to the White House."*
—Samuel Stewart, McGraw-Hill Executive Editor

4. Excerpts from a political biography recently in search of a publisher. By Robert Sherrill



"THE RECORDS OF THE DEPRESSION YEARS," Hubert Humphrey wrote in his master's thesis in 1940, "reveal no mass violence or uprising on the part of the workers; the only display of revolution was to be found among midwestern farmers, organized in the Farm Holiday Movement." Here, as in later life, Humphrey left a few things out. He might, for example, have cited a personal reminiscence of the great bubbling mood of revolt during the depression. His father once explained why he canceled all debts to his drugstore one year: "Son, if a revolution comes, ours would be the first store and house they would stone."

The bloody strikes, the hunger marches, the forced moratorium of debts, the spirit of anarchy among farmers and laborers everywhere—not merely in the midwest—Humphrey ignored these as he was to ignore similar events 25 years later. He did not see the many signs that the political soil had been made hospitable to radical concepts. "Alien to the American temper and American habits of thought as the communist credo was," Frederick Lewis Allen wrote of that earlier period, "it had a boldness, a last resort ferocity, that might commend itself to millions of desperate men."

Humphrey also ignored the nearest thing to a revolution in that decade: the organizing of the CIO. To him, only Marxists believed that during the 1930's there had been a "rising revolt of the working masses." And as for his breezy dismissal of the "only display of revolution," the Farm Holiday Movement, that was some "only." In northern Iowa, farmers dragged a district judge—imprudent enough to order a foreclosure—off the bench, out of the courtroom and into the street where they produced a rope and would have lynched

Photograph by Baron Wolman

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him if he hadn't fainted. Farmers in several states marched on their capitols to do battle with police and the militia. Minnesota Governor Floyd Olson was wiser than most and invited them into the capitol to address the legislature, which they proceeded to do with ample threats. "Much worse than the Boston Tea Party will happen unless farmers are given relief from debt and tax burdens," one furious old Swede warned the Minnesota legislature.

Governor Olson, who knew these were not empty threats, sided with the desperate citizens and threatened to declare martial law and seize anything necessary to help the people if the legislature did not aid them. He stood on the capitol steps and addressed the mob of unemployed, hungry citizens who wanted a final answer. "If capitalism can't help you and can't prevent this sort of thing from happening to the people," Olson roared, "I hope the present system of government goes right down to hell!" This was the governor whom Minnesotans today acknowledge as their most popular chief executive of modern times, speaking the mood of the 1930's. But apparently Humphrey, swaddled in optimism, had missed the mood.

Olson practiced what he advocated and pushed through the legislature laws to protect labor against "yellow dog" contracts, laws to protect the farmer with a mortgage moratorium. By present standards these were moderate enough measures, considering the crisis of the times. But to the conservatives of Minnesota in 1935, Olson was viewed as nothing less than a communist, although he was far more radical in what he said he wanted than in what he actually achieved. Still, he stood behind the Farmer-Labor Party and the FLP stood behind a program which boldly declared in 1934 that "*capitalism has failed and . . . immediate steps must be taken by the people to abolish capitalism in a peaceful and lawful manner*, and . . . a new, sane and just society must be established; a system in which all the natural resources, machinery of production, transportation and communication shall be owned by the government and operated democratically for the benefit of all the people and not for the benefit of the few." (My italics.)

Two years later the most popular and most persuasive governor in Minnesota's history was dead of cancer at the age of 45. This gave the conservative Establishment the opening it needed. There was no one else who could swing the populace like Olson and at the same time maintain an uneasy but tolerable relationship with the bankers and mill owners, and so the opposition—the right wing of the FLP as well as the Republicans—began to hammer away with proven tools. Elmer Benson, the left-wing Farmer-Laborite who succeeded Olson as governor, was accused by some FLP members of being soft on communism, and in 1938 Republican Harold Stassen took up Red-baiting and defeated Benson with it. (In fact, the underground of the Stassen campaign used the anti-Benson slogan, "Communism, Corruption and Jews.")

The war completed the creation of an inhospitable atmosphere in Minnesota for radicalism: it created jobs by opening shipyards and defense plants, gave the railroads something to carry other than hobos and even started a little construction work. With the new money came a growing indifference to the idea of changing "the system." As they had on other occasions, the men of property could be expected to take advantage of this momentary relaxation to drive a deep wedge between liberalism and radicalism—in other words, to take the fire out of liberalism. The edge of the wedge would be an attractive, decent fellow who loved everybody except communists, fellow travelers, dupes and radicals. The edge, as it turned out, was Hubert Humphrey.

THE DEATH OF THE RADICAL MOVEMENT in Minnesota, begun by the amalgamation of the Democratic Party with the Farmer-Labor Party and achieved by overwhelming the left wing with Humphreyites, may have been no great loss to the country. There is of course no way to know for sure that the indigenous radicalism of Minnesota would have had much national influence. Still, there is much to be said for the speculation of Charles Rumford Walker in his *American City*, a classic study of the Teamster strikes in Minneapolis in the mid-1930's. Writing in 1936, only seven years before Humphrey entered Minnesota politics, Walker saw the traditional radical base from which a large segment of Minnesotans operated as offering something with enough potential value to take root in the national body politic.

The one thing that would keep radicalism from moving outward from Minnesota, of course, would be smothering it at home. Five years later the new World War had absorbed the nation, and the movement was at hand that would indeed move Minnesota to the right and "de-radicalize" the Farmer-Labor Party.

Humphrey was an enthusiastic participant in this anti-radical movement. So also were his colleagues Art Naftalin, Max Kampelman, William Kubicek and Evron Kirkpatrick. These five men were able to be in the front ranks of home-front political ferment for the simple reason that they were not in the front ranks of the war. They remained at home with various kinds of draft exemptions, while many of their peers, who might have opposed what they were doing, were far away in military service.

Humphrey's war record has been subjected to constant scrutiny—perhaps unfairly—by his political opponents and has often been used by them in an effort to discredit him. Humphrey's first request for deferment, in a letter written to Hennepin County Board No. 2 on December 2, 1943, was sought on the basis that he taught two political science classes to Army Air Corps Cadets at Macalester College. The next request was written by an official of the Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party State Central Committee on September 15, 1944, on the grounds that Humphrey was a necessary Democratic Party worker. On January 10, 1945, he again sought deferment, this time because he was serving as a labor-relations consultant for the Industrial Grease and Drum Company and the Sta-Vis Oil Company, both of which firms had war contracts. The physical defects that finally won deferments for him included a hernia and color blindness.

Ironically, these men who were so fortunate as to escape military service in their youth were later responsible for swinging the merged DFL firmly behind the nation's most militaristic impulses during the Cold War years. Having missed the opportunity to bear arms against the fascists, they made up for it in later years by being especially belligerent toward the communists. They were consumed, obsessed, by anti-communism. They were convinced that once they cleansed the political field of communism—which they admittedly sometimes confused with just plain radicalism—the rest of the democratic process could take care of itself, for there was po-

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tential harmony in all that was not radical.

Humphrey once said that his purpose in helping to organize Americans for Democratic Action in 1947 was "to provide a wholesome, anti- and non-communist home for progressives." Indeed, that has been one of his greatest goals in life—to get liberals to stop fighting conservatives, and to get both sides to lie down in some common political haven of rest. "Politics of the old days—when you pitted one group against another—it's out, it's obsolete," he said not long ago. "Hell, I'm an organization man." He can say that, now that radicalism seems to have become such a remote political influence on him. A generation ago he *sounded* different. A generation ago, in fact, he said he was going to follow the traditions of Governor Olson. But that was just political talk. That was just to get in, to take over.

Most of what Humphrey has done can be traced back to a logical influence. Woodrow Wilson has had the steadiest impact on his thinking. This is, he says, the ingrained effect of growing up in a house where the idea of an evening well spent was one in which he and his father read aloud from the speeches of Wilson. In his master's thesis, he praised as accurate and admirable this description of Wilson's progressivism; it is from Herbert Croly's *Progressive Democracy*: "The slightest question need not be raised as to his sincerity, but his deliberate purpose seems to have been to keep progressivism vague—with a vagueness that is elusive and secretive rather than flexible. His tendency is to emphasize those aspects of progressivism which can be interpreted as the emancipation of an essentially excellent system from corruption and perverting parasites. His version of progressivism, notwithstanding its immediate forward impulses, is scrupulously careful not to be too progressive, and like the superseded reform movements, poses as a higher conservatism."

Humphrey chose the quote well: it describes his own political career perfectly.

In 1943 Humphrey ran for mayor of Minneapolis and lost. In 1944 he was state campaign chairman for the newly merged Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party. In 1945 he again ran for mayor, this time successfully, and in 1948 he was elected U.S. senator. He took the steps fast, making along the way an assortment of allies and enemies who people a curiously fascinating but rather disappointing political saga.

WHEN HUMPHREY AND HIS UNIVERSITY FRIENDS first set out to make him a politician, they looked for allies, and they found them in the labor movement. Later, after Humphrey's good showing in the 1943 mayoralty race, they would also get money and support from the men who ran Minneapolis, but at first they had to stick with the laborers. These included some communists and many radicals, but at that point in his development Humphrey was happy enough to embrace them. Labor had an organization, it had zest, it had important ties with city hall and it had some money.

Among the most powerful—and certainly the hardest-working—supporters that rallied to Humphrey in 1943 and again in 1945 were the officials and members of the United Electrical Workers Union, the union which he, on reaching the Senate, would turn on viciously and harass as "communist-dominated." Yet it was the support of such men as Clarence Hathaway, who had been an editor of The Worker during the '30s and then a business agent of the United Electrical Workers Union, and Sam Davis, who had once run on the Communist ticket, that won him the mayoralty.

In return for their support, organized labor wanted the one thing of importance that the mayor could give: the chance to pick the police chief. In Minneapolis' compartmentalized and decentralized government, the mayor was mainly a ribbon-cutter. But he did have the authority to supervise the operation of the police department, and to the union people of Minneapolis nothing could be more crucial to their peace of mind if not, in fact, to their physical welfare than a trusty chief.

Their deep concern over this choice had grown out of their experiences in the 1920's and the 1930's when Minneapolis had become known as the biggest scab town in the midwest. The treachery of the police department in the strike year 1934 included decoying unarmed union members into ambush and then firing on them, and left organized labor with a permanent distrust of the police. (The year is still discussed with such freshness in Minneapolis that one can sense the violence of it). Humphrey first ran for mayor only nine years after this strike year had elapsed. He would not, he had promised the union men, appoint a police chief without their approval.

But Humphrey had made friends on the other side of the tracks whom labor didn't know about. After his strong windup in the 1943 race, the empire builders of Minneapolis saw him as a young man who inspired the voters, and felt that if the country club set talked to him right, he might be willing to talk to the voters on *their* behalf. After the ax-wielding era of the mid-1930's, the employers quickly adjusted to smoother techniques; the country was changing and they were willing to change with it—up to a point. What the hard stick had not been able to accomplish, they were willing to achieve with soft propaganda: vote American, work American, think American. In other words, don't be a lousy radical. Humphrey was obviously a man who could dispense the message in robust, American terms.

After the 1943 campaign, Humphrey was approached by Gideon Seymour, vice president and editor of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune, with the suggestion that he come over to the Republican side. It sounded pretty good to Humphrey. He would never again have to worry about campaign money, and he would have the endorsement of the unimpeachables. And there had been some progressive Republicans in Minnesota. He would not be joining a corrupt or reactionary group. He told Seymour he would think about it.

The world political developments of 1944, however, persuaded Humphrey and his advisors that the way to power was via the merging Democratic and Farmer-Labor Parties. He expressed his regrets to Seymour, but assured him that this did not mean they could not be friends. And friends they remained. In the 1945 campaign and for reelection two years later, the Minneapolis Star and Tribune supported Humphrey for mayor.

Other men of influence were also working for Humphrey's election—men such as Samuel C. Gale, vice president of General Mills; Alfred M. Wilson, vice president of Minneapolis-Honeywell; David J. Winton, a wealthy lumberman; and Bradshaw Mintener, vice president and general counsel of Pillsbury Mills, Inc. These men did not exactly see the world through the eyes of organized labor. But after Humphrey was in the mayor's seat it was they, not the unions, who determined

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who would be chief of police. The union officials gave Humphrey the name of their choice; he turned them down. Then he went to Mintener and asked him to serve as chairman of a newly appointed "law enforcement committee" that would name the police chief in a supposedly nonpartisan and classless manner.

Mintener agreed, with the proviso that the man chosen be a product of FBI training. This was a cute trick, but it was also rather obvious. Mintener had attended Oxford with one of J. Edgar Hoover's assistants in the FBI and had many friends in the bureau. He knew that of all the agencies of government, the FBI was the most vehemently anti-communist. This tone had been given to the bureau as early as 1919 when Hoover led the notorious Palmer raids against "radicals"—many of them only union organizers or members—and began amassing his dossiers on radicals which eventually amounted to nearly half a million and were believed to describe some rather lukewarm liberals as well. In 1940, Hoover announced that he was reactivating his old wartime anti-radical bureau and the secret-informer system that had served him so well prior to the Palmer raids. The next year he railed out against ". . . prattle-minded politicians, grabbing for votes with one hand while waving the flag of pseudo-liberalism with the other. . . . That word 'liberalism' is something we should weigh carefully during these dark days that confront our nation."

This was an attitude that the managers of Minneapolis could appreciate. Mintener had good reason for demanding an FBI-trained police chief. It wasn't as though this left the election committee with much choice. In fact there was only one man on the police force who qualified: Ed Ryan, an honest cop who could be counted on to chase the crooks—and who happened to share J. Edgar Hoover's view of radicals.

Ryan had seen nothing wrong in the city's renting its municipal auditorium to Jew-baiter Gerald L. K. Smith; he had argued that the city council could not do otherwise and claim to believe in free speech. "Some council members," Winthrop Griffith wrote in 1965 (*Humphrey: A Candid Biography*), "called Ryan a 'fascist' and 'bigot'; a few days later he was 'busted' from the Internal Security Division and sent to the city's East Side Precinct." To the prolabor members of the council, as to organized labor itself, Ryan was totally unacceptable. But Humphrey brought him back from precinct exile, appointed him chief of police, and ever since has deemed his choice very wise.

True to his FBI association, during the years Humphrey was trying to seize control of the DFL, Ryan kept Humphrey thoroughly informed as to which members of the party were "radical." And when he needed help in identification, Ryan called on his old friends in the FBI who opened their files to him.

When, in 1967, double agent Harold A. R. Philby disclosed that former deputy director of the FBI, D. Milton Ladd, had "tried to convince me . . . that Franklin Roosevelt was a Comintern agent," Ryan wrote a letter to the editor of a Minneapolis newspaper in defense of his old friend "Mickey" Ladd. Ryan's position was that America needed more men with Ladd's outlook to defend us against "the communists in our midst."

With that outlook, Ryan helped Mayor Humphrey very well in his scramble over the radicals in the DFL for a seat in the U.S. Senate.

After the merger of the Democrats with the Farmer-Laborites in 1944, there was a temporary outward harmony in Minnesota politics as the left wing and the Humphrey right wing joined efforts to help reelect President Roosevelt. Even in that year, though, there were some tensions. The left-wing Bensonites felt that Humphrey, who was chairman of the DFL campaign, was spending more time pushing his own career than FDR's.

Humphrey was indeed pushing his career, but not as successfully as he would have liked. Privately, he went to Benson and asked his support in seeking the nomination for governor. Benson didn't think a man whose only previous political experience was an unsuccessful mayoralty race was quite the right choice, and he turned him down. Then Humphrey bluffed, going before the DFL convention to say he didn't *want* the gubernatorial nomination because he wanted to "go where our young men are [the war], and you can't deny me that." He never forgave Benson. An ideological tussle was inevitable, and in 1946 the Bensonites won control of the DFL Party, Humphrey's side having unsuccessfully pushed a former isolationist Democrat for chairman.

To seize control of the party, Humphrey knew he would have to develop a dramatic cause—he would have to find some evil to overthrow. Thus—borrowing a page from the Stassen strategy of 1938—he and his crowd began to let it be known that the DFL Party was now controlled by communists.

Doubtless Humphrey was convinced that this was true—he had heard it said often enough by the Minneapolis men of wealth who had helped elect him mayor—but whether or not he was personally convinced, he was a smart enough politician to know that for the sake of his career he would have to wipe away all suspicion of Red infiltration into the party. It did not matter to him that there were only a handful of communists in the DFL Party and that they were more an irritant than an influence. To Humphrey the problem was psychological. He wanted the party to have the Chamber of Commerce stamp of purity, to be 100 per cent American.

This was highly important to Humphrey. His career could be destroyed by this scare issue. It had been used, with the added spice of some anti-Semitism, as a tool to shatter the Farmer-Labor Party in 1938, and he knew that the issue of Reds never died but only festered. And in 1944 he had a traumatic experience. On the eve of the election, one of the county chairmen of the DFL issued a public letter saying he was going to vote for Dewey and the Minnesota Republicans because the new DFL was dominated by the CIO, Hubert Humphrey, communist sympathizers, Reds, pinks and purples.

Humphrey was just getting started in politics and they were already throwing the Red flag at him. He rushed to the town where the defector lived and swore that there was not the slightest taint of Marxism in his heart. That day Humphrey determined he would cleanse the party, even if it took a blood bath, even if hundreds of innocents were hurt in the process.

An auxiliary desire was to beautify the DFL, to teach it etiquette and make it wholly acceptable in the drawing rooms of the Minnesota rich. Humphrey, the small-town boy, wanted to be received. Thus, in the years ahead he and his followers turned against not only those whom they deemed too radical, but also against those who were a bit rough-hewn, like Roy Wier, business agent for an AFL union who was elected to Congress from the Third District.

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Thus steeled to carry out the character assassinations necessary to both purify and beautify the DFL Party, Humphrey moved toward 1948: the critical year of his political life.

Let us for the moment take Humphrey and his planners at their word when they say they were fighting communist control of the DFL. 1946 to 1948 can then be accepted as a test period; if "communists" *were* in control in Minnesota, *this* would be the perfect time to discover what kind of disastrous, un-American plans they had up their sleeves. So what happened between 1946 and 1948 in Minnesota?

Nothing. The "communist-dominated" DFL Party put forward neither radical candidate nor radical program. Its candidate for governor was Harold Barker, a relatively conservative newspaper publisher, and its candidate for the U.S. Senate was Theodore Jorgenson, professor of Norwegian literature at St. Olaf College, an intellectual in the liberal tradition. Both men lost, but they pulled a respectable vote—40 per cent of the total—which is enough to suggest that if they *were* communists or fellow travelers the word hadn't gotten out.

TO OPPOSE WHAT HE CONSIDERED TO BE "communists" within the DFL, Humphrey readily adopted fascist tactics. In his biography of Humphrey, Griffith quotes a White House aide who recalled his first meeting with the new senator from Minnesota: "He boasted about some of the tough things he had done with the Minneapolis police. I was shocked by the stories this great 'liberal' told about how he had ignored all the civil liberties to get things done."

Undoubtedly the White House staffer had been subjected to some of Humphrey's stories about harassing the left wing of the DFL—stories which were his stock in trade 20 years ago. And they were largely true. A professor at the University of Minnesota who is a close student of Humphrey's activities in the 1940's (his is a scholarly interest, not a partisan one) has stated that one method used by the Humphreyites to take over the DFL from their left-wing opposition after 1946 was to prepare a blacklist of persons who were to be kept out of party meetings. When it was necessary to enforce the blacklist, two thugs would be stationed at the door; when one of Humphrey's henchmen signaled from within that a person trying to enter the meeting room was on the list, the thugs would toss him into the street, where he would be arrested by a Minneapolis policeman for "disturbing the peace." Since the police force was under the jurisdiction of Mayor Humphrey, there was little use in lodging a protest.

The guilt-by-association method of making up the list was interesting, too. Humphrey instructed his aides to read The Worker, the communist newspaper, to see what themes were being pushed. They were then instructed to keep an ear cocked at precinct and ward meetings for anyone who advocated these themes. Persons who did were put on the blacklist. Today the Humphreyites, with all apparent innocence, will tell you that it was a fairly foolproof system and that they could easily identify the communists in the DFL of that day—because they were the ones who opposed the European recovery program, the Marshall Plan.

All this was done not solely from political lust for office and control of a state party apparatus; it was also done from personal conviction. As recently as 1966, Humphrey was still saying, "I want to be tolerant but . . . when the communists infiltrated Henry Wallace's Progressive Party in '48, we fought them. They opposed the Marshall Plan and the Truman Doctrine, and we fought them." The Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan are still his historical test for the detection of communists.

Humphrey apparently looks back with warm satisfaction upon the Henry Wallace presidential campaign of 1948 as the first great opportunity for domination, which he and his followers seized and successfully used to take over the Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party under the guise of patriotism. It could even be said that Humphrey and his friends view that occasion as their most memorable gift to national defense—and it is probably necessary for them to convince themselves of this, and of the purity of their patriotic motives, in order to justify the way they fought that intra-party fight.

On strategic grounds, the Humphreyites deserved to win. They worked harder, they were better organizers than their opposition. And in the best tradition of the followers of Harry Truman, they took ethics and scruples lightly. Their opponents, drawn from the Farmer-Labor wing of the DFL, were burdened with ideology.

That year, 1948, saw the great crusade of the F-L leftists. It was the time to break free from the old two-party mold which seemed, actually, to offer no alternatives. They were buoyed up, enthusiastic and clumsy. They were so convinced of the rightness of the insurgent third party, the Progressive Party, and of Wallace's candidacy that they failed to realize it was an extravagant route to follow, especially in a period when employment was high and economic discontent low. They attempted to put insurgent Wallace on the ballot under the DFL imprimatur and force the Democrat, Truman, to run as the third-party candidate, in the manner that some Southern states that year would do for Dixiecrat Strom Thurmond.

The leftists lost the effort and many of them walked out of the DFL to push Wallace on their own; many of the best ones never went back. Humphrey claims he "purged" them as communists, fellow travelers and dupes. Time magazine called the exiles "mainly a mangy crew of spoilsmen and Reds," but most reasonable Minnesotans say that they were mostly homespun radicals. After their departure, the DFL was swung solidly into the mainstream of the national Democratic Party, perhaps the only milieu in which Humphrey's liberalism might seem unusual enough to start him toward the top.

WHEN HUMPHREYITES DISCUSS THIS ERA, they tend to weasel. They will tell you that the reason the communists did not attempt to destroy Minnesota was that they were slyly biding their time; they will say that the quiet of the period was deceptive; they will invariably seize the conversation and divert it away from Minnesota and toward Moscow. But they are *never* able to get specific; they cannot provide examples of the alleged subversive work of the communists in the DFL during the period of their supposed control of the party.

Arthur Naftalin, now mayor of Minneapolis and then one of Humphrey's closest advisors, was questioned on this point and asked what he saw as the work of the left wing during 1946-1948. He answered, "Well, they had a two-year period there where they had a kind of on-again, off-again attention to the problems of building a party" (meaning the DFL).

Nothing very subversive about that. More precisely, Naf-

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talin was asked, what were the issues that divided the right wing under Humphrey and the left wing under former Governor Benson?

"We were divided because the organization of the DFL was important to this [left-wing] group, not because they were trying to build a political vehicle to win elections with," he replied, "but because they were trying to build a political vehicle to serve the interests of the communist international movement. That's the difference."

Pressed further to name the *issues* that showed the subversiveness of the group that controlled the DFL in the two years before 1948, Naftalin spread his modification: "The problem with the communists was not that they had a radical philosophy, social and economic philosophy—the problem was they were representing a foreign power. Everything they did, every position they took, was a distortion in terms of what served their foreign policy."

What foreign policy, please, and what issues?

"Well, that's not quite the way to put it. What happened was—to begin with, in 1948 there was this big division—there were earlier divisions but the first big test of this was the Henry Wallace candidacy. This was the big one. Behind the Henry Wallace candidacy was a real division on foreign policy. The Communist Party was opposing the Marshall Plan. Aid to Greece. There was a period after 1946—it was a foreign policy division—it was clear cut. We were fighting as a country trying to export democracy. We were heading into a clash with the Soviet Union. This was what the fight was largely about."

This is a good example of what the Humphreyites will do. They will race tiptoe through the 1946-48 "communist" period and then leap upon the Wallace candidacy at length and offer it to you as the prize illustration of the evils they were confronted with under the DFL Red regime.

In reliving the glories of the "DFL's communist purge," Humphrey has embellished the episode so profusely that it now often sounds as if there were actual door-to-door fighting in the streets of Minneapolis with Humphrey right in the middle of it. "Those of us who had already proven that we were sincere in our genuine liberalism [he once told a U.S. News & World Report reporter] at the same time as we were anti-communist, had to go out and expose those people, and that we did. We had to fight it, literally door to door and person to person, in an exposure. [Question: Were you able to proclaim as mayor that you thought they were communists?] I not only proclaimed it, I went out and fought them and we licked them, hands down."

ANYONE WHO HAS FOLLOWED Humphrey's replays of the great DFL war will long ago have come to the conclusion that Minnesota was swarming with Stalinists. It is perhaps the fattest and healthiest of the Humphrey myths. But it is also, nevertheless, easily destroyed.

In moments of special candor, and especially when they become a bit rattled by steady questioning, even Humphrey's most devoted apostles will admit that virtually all of the left-wing DFL was made up of good Americans. Asked if he thought that there could have been as many as 2000 communists in the state of Minnesota in this period (J. Edgar Hoover was then counting about 6000 communists in the nation as a whole), Mayor Naftalin answered: "Don't think there were that many in the state. No, there wouldn't be that many. But you see, there are a lot of people—you say to me, was this left-wing or communist?—we have in this state—still have—a lot of people who are agrarian populists—real basic down-to-earth radicals. They are against Wall Street, against exploitation, they figure the public domain has been raped, by business and so on. They are right to a large measure. They've heard Red-baiting, they've heard attacks on communists ever since they were kids during World War I and they just don't believe it. They didn't believe it in '46, '47 and '48. And so they would be aligned in many cases with—I'm not talking about just thousands of good people who were aligned with Elmer Benson and aligned with that leadership. So there was a kind of euphemism that we used—left-wing. Couldn't call it the communist wing. That would just offend a lot of people."

Naftalin's responses agree both in tone and quality with the reminiscences of Dr. William Kubicek, another of Humphrey's close advisors at that time. Between 1946 and 1948, Kubicek was the Second Ward DFL chairman; this was Humphrey's ward, the University of Minnesota ward.

Kubicek has spoken of the left-wing DFL's activities as being "a communist-dominated kind of thing, although the known communists were very few. Only one or two who were open about it, but I suppose there may have been between 50 and 100 communists in the Minneapolis-St. Paul area. Many of these people [the anti-Humphreyites] who were with them were just confused.

"One reason the communists were effective was that we spoke like we had pebbles in our mouth. We were afraid to speak plainly. We were afraid to say this was a communist movement. Because you could point to certain people and say 'they couldn't possibly be communist.' And that was absolutely true. And also there was the problem of libel if you weren't sure of it, or even if you were and couldn't prove it. So we devised a way to say it without being brought up for libel. We would say, 'Well, we don't know if they're members of the Communist Party. But if they aren't, they should be. If they aren't they are shirking their duties.' We checked with lawyers and they said that was all right. But it did get the point across."

Kubicek was asked what issues he identified definitely as Moscow party line. He replied: "You knew right away if somebody was thumping the table against the Marshall Plan."

Question: What else?

But Kubicek couldn't think of other issues. The Marshall Plan was as far as he could go. After stumbling for some time, he cut off the questioning with this excuse: "It was almost impossible to identify the issue until you could see the operation. It was just something you had to feel. The issues many times weren't the real problem."

This kind of anti-communism may be devoid of content, but as every Minnesota druggist knows, even a placebo can have enormous potency for a gullible patient. Although many may find Hubert Humphrey's anti-communism pill hard to swallow, his political future depends on the hope that a majority of Americans are willing to buy it.

Mr. Sherrill, Washington correspondent for The Nation, is author of The Accidental President *and* Gothic Politics in the South. The Drugstore Liberal, *from which this excerpt is taken, will be published in July by Grossman.*

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Confessions of a Right-Wing Liberal

Illustrations by Gene Holtan

TWENTY YEARS AGO I was an extreme right-wing Republican, a young and lone "Neanderthal" (as the liberals used to call us) who believed, as one friend pungently put it, that "Senator Taft had sold out to the socialists." Today, I am most likely to be called an extreme leftist, since I favor immediate withdrawal from Vietnam, denounce U.S. imperialism, advocate Black Power and have just joined the new Peace and Freedom Party. And yet my basic political views have not changed by a single iota in these two decades!

It is obvious that something is very wrong with the old labels, with the categories of "left" and "right," and with the ways in which we customarily apply these categories to American political life. My personal odyssey is unimportant; the important point is that if I can move from "extreme right" to "extreme left" merely by standing in one place, drastic though unrecognized changes must have taken place throughout the American political spectrum over the last generation.

I joined the right-wing movement—to give a formal name to a very loose and informal set of associations—as a young graduate student shortly after the end of World War II. There was no question as to where the intellectual right of that day stood on militarism and conscription: it opposed them as instruments of mass slavery and mass murder. Conscription, indeed, was thought far worse than other forms of statist controls and incursions, for while these only appropriated part of the individual's property, the draft, like slavery, took his most precious possession: his own person. Day after day the veteran publicist John T. Flynn—once praised as a liberal and then condemned as a reactionary, with little or no change in his views—inveighed implacably in print and over the radio against militarism and the draft. Even the Wall Street newspaper, the Commercial and Financial Chronicle, published a lengthy attack on the idea of conscription.

All of our political positions, from the free market in economics to opposing war and militarism, stemmed from our root belief in individual liberty and our opposition to the state. Simplistically, we adopted the standard view of the political spectrum: "left" meant socialism, or total power of the state; the further "right" one went the less government one favored. Hence, we called ourselves "extreme rightists."

Originally, our historical heroes were such men as Jefferson, Paine, Cobden, Bright and Spencer; but as our views became purer and more consistent, we eagerly embraced such near-anarchists as the voluntarist, Auberon Herbert, and the American individualist-anarchists, Lysander Spooner and Benjamin R. Tucker. One of our great intellectual heroes was Henry David Thoreau, and his essay, "Civil Disobedience," was one of our guiding stars. Right-wing theorist Frank Chodorov devoted an entire issue of his monthly, Analysis, to an appreciation of Thoreau.

In our relation to the remainder of the American political scene, we of course recognized that the extreme right of the Republican Party was not made up of individualist anti-statists, but they were close enough to our position to make us feel part of a quasi-libertarian united front. Enough of our views were present among the extreme members of the Taft wing of the Republican Party (much more so than in Taft himself, who was among the most liberal of that wing), and in such organs as the Chicago Tribune, to make us feel quite comfortable with this kind of alliance.

WHAT IS MORE, the right-wing Republicans were major opponents of the Cold War. Valiantly, the extreme rightist Republicans, who were particularly strong in the House, battled conscription, NATO and the Truman Doctrine. Consider, for example, Omaha's Representative Howard Buffett, Senator Taft's midwestern campaign manager in 1952. He was one of the most extreme of the extremists, once described by The Nation as "an able young man whose ideas have tragically fossilized."

I came to know Buffett as a genuine and thoughtful libertarian. Attacking the Truman Doctrine on the floor of Congress, he declared: "Even if it were desirable, America is not strong enough to police the world by military force. If that attempt is made, the blessings of liberty will be replaced by coercion and tyranny at home. Our Christian ideals cannot be exported to other lands by dollars and guns."

by Murray N. Rothbard

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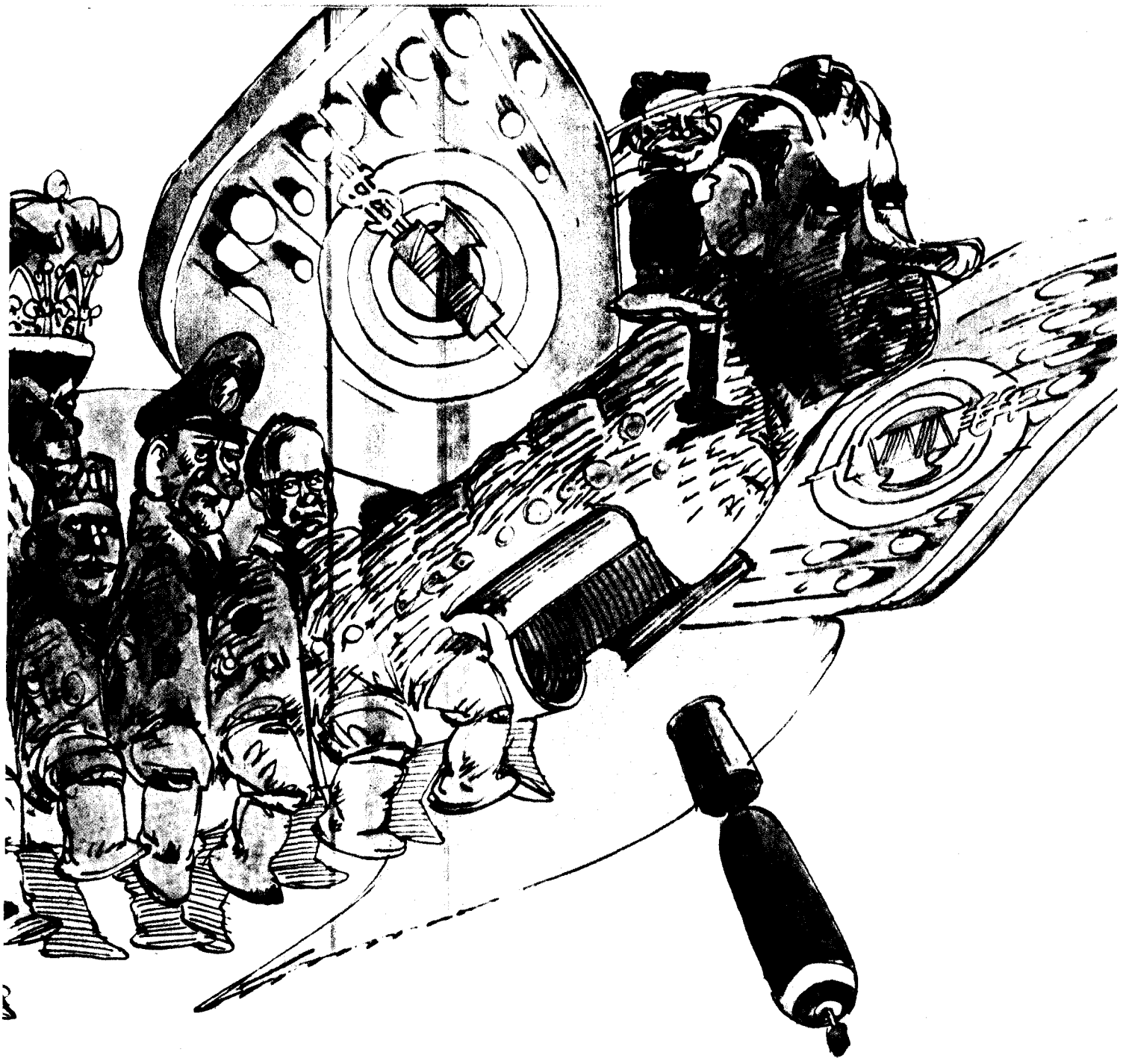

When the Korean War came, almost the entire old left, with the exception of the Communist Party, surrendered to the global mystique of the United Nations and "collective security against aggression," and backed Truman's imperialist aggression in that war. Even Corliss Lamont backed the American stand in Korea. Only the extreme rightist Republicans continued to battle U.S. imperialism. It was the last great political outburst of the old right of my youth.

Howard Buffett was convinced that the United States was largely responsible for the eruption of conflict in Korea; for the rest of his life he tried unsuccessfully to get the Senate Armed Services Committee to declassify the testimony of CIA head Admiral Hillenkoeter, which Buffett told me established American responsibility for the Korean outbreak.

The last famous isolationist move came late in December 1950, after the Chinese forces had beaten the Americans out of North Korea. Joseph P. Kennedy and Herbert Hoover delivered two ringing speeches back-to-back calling for American evacuation of Korea. As Hoover put it, "To commit the sparse ground forces of the non-communist nations into a land war against this communist land mass [in Asia] would be a war without victory, a war without a successful political terminal . . . that would be the graveyard of millions of American boys" and the exhaustion of the United States. Joe Kennedy declared that "if portions of Europe or Asia wish to go communistic or even have communism thrust upon them, we cannot stop it."

To this The Nation replied with typical liberal Red-baiting: "The line they are laying down for their country should set the bells ringing in the Kremlin as nothing has since the triumph of Stalingrad"; and the New Republic actually saw Stalin sweeping onwards "until the Stalinist caucus in the Tribune Tower would bring out in triumph the first communist edition of the Chicago Tribune."

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THE MAIN CATALYST for transforming the mass base of the right wing from an isolationist and quasi-libertarian movement to an anti-communist one was probably "McCarthyism." Before Senator Joe McCarthy launched his anti-communist crusade in February 1950, he had not been particularly associated with the right wing of the Republican Party; on the contrary, his record was liberal and centrist, statist rather than libertarian.

Furthermore, Red-baiting and anti-communist witch hunting were originally launched by liberals, and even after McCarthy the liberals were the most effective at this game. It was, after all, the liberal Roosevelt Administration which passed the Smith Act, first used against Trotskyites and isolationists during World War II and then against communists after the war; it was the liberal Truman Administration that instituted loyalty checks; it was the eminently liberal Hubert Humphrey who was a sponsor of the clause in the McCarran Act of 1950 threatening concentration camps for "subversives."

McCarthy not only shifted the focus of the right to communist hunting, however. His crusade also brought into the right wing a new mass base. Before McCarthy, the rank-and-file of the right wing was the small-town, isolationist middle west. McCarthyism brought into the movement a mass of urban Catholics from the eastern seaboard, people whose outlook on individual liberty was, if anything, negative.

If McCarthy was the main catalyst for mobilizing the mass base of the new right, the major ideological instrument of the transformation was the blight of anti-communism, and the major carriers were Bill Buckley and National Review.

In the early days, young Bill Buckley often liked to refer to himself as an "individualist," sometimes even as an "anarchist." But all these libertarian ideals, he maintained, had to remain in total abeyance, fit only for parlor discussion, until the great crusade against the "international communist conspiracy" had been driven to a successful conclusion. Thus, as early as January 1952, I noted with disquiet an article that Buckley wrote for Commonweal, "A Young Republican's View."

He began the article in a splendid libertarian manner: our enemy, he affirmed, was the state, which, he quoted Spencer, was "begotten of aggression and by aggression." But then came the worm in the apple: the anti-communist crusade had to be waged. Buckley went on to endorse "the extensive and productive tax laws that are needed to support a vigorous anti-communist foreign policy"; he declared that the "thus far invincible aggressiveness of the Soviet Union" imminently threatened American security, and that therefore "we have to accept Big Government for the duration—for neither an offensive nor a defensive war can be waged . . . except through the instrument of a totalitarian bureaucracy within our shores." Therefore, he concluded—in the midst of the Korean War—we must all support "large armies and air forces, atomic energy, central intelligence, war production boards and the attendant centralization of power in Washington."

The right wing, never articulate, has not had many organs of opinion. Therefore, when Buckley founded National Review in late 1955, its erudite, witty and glib editorials and articles swiftly made it the only politically relevant journal for the American right. Immediately, the ideological line of the right began to change sharply.

One element that gave special fervor and expertise to the Red-baiting crusade was the prevalence of ex-communists, ex-fellow travelers and ex-Trotskyites among the writers whom National Review brought into prominence on the right-wing scene. These ex-leftists were consumed with an undying hatred for their former love, along with a passion for bestowing enormous importance upon their apparently wasted years. Almost the entire older generation of writers and editors for National Review had been prominent in the old left. Some names that come to mind are: Jim Burnham, John Chamberlain, Whittaker Chambers, Ralph DeToledano, Will Herberg, Eugene Lyons, J. B. Matthews, Frank S. Meyer, William S. Schlamm and Karl Wittfogel.

An insight into the state of mind of many of these people came in a recent letter to me from one of the most libertarian of this group; he admitted that my stand in opposition to the draft was the only one consistent with libertarian principles, but, he said, he can't forget how nasty the communist cell in Time magazine was in the 1930's. The world is falling apart and yet these people are still mired in the petty grievances of faction fights of long ago!

ANTI-COMMUNISM WAS THE CENTRAL ROOT of the decay of the old libertarian right, but it was not the only one. In 1953, a big splash was made by the publication of Russell Kirk's *The Conservative Mind*. Before that, no one on the right regarded himself as a "conservative"; "conservative" was considered a left smear word. Now, suddenly, the right began to glory in the term "conservative," and Kirk began to make speaking appearances, often in a kind of friendly "vital center" tandem with Arthur Schlesinger Jr.

This was to be the beginning of the burgeoning phenomenon of the friendly-though-critical dialogue between the liberal and conservative wings of the Great Patriotic American Consensus. A new, younger generation of rightists, of "conservatives," began to emerge, who thought that the real problem of the modern world was nothing so ideological as the state vs. individual liberty or government intervention vs. the free market; the real problem, they declared, was the preservation of tradition, order, Christianity and good manners against the modern sins of reason, license, atheism and boorishness.

One of the first dominant thinkers of this new right was Buckley's brother-in-law, L. Brent Bozell, who wrote fiery articles in National Review attacking liberty even as an abstract principle (and not just as something to be temporarily sacrificed for the benefit of the anti-communist emergency). The function of the state was to impose and enforce moral and religious principles.

Another repellent political theorist who made his mark in National Review was the late Willmoore Kendall, NR editor for many years. His great thrust was the right and the duty of the majority of the community—as embodied, say, in Congress—to suppress any individual who disturbs that community with radical doctrines. Socrates, opined Kendall, not only *should* have been killed by the Greek community, whom he offended by his subversive criticisms, but it was their moral *duty* to kill him.

The historical heroes of the new right were changing rapidly. Mencken, Nock, Thoreau, Jefferson, Paine—all these either dropped from sight or were soundly condemned as rationalists, atheists or anarchists. From Europe, the "in" people were now such despotic reactionaries as Burke, Metternich, DeMaistre; in the United States, Hamilton and Madison were "in," with

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their stress on the imposition of order and a strong, elitist central government—which included the southern "slavocracy."

For the first few years of its existence, I moved in National Review circles, attended its editorial luncheons, wrote articles and book reviews for the magazine; indeed, there was talk at one time of my joining the staff as an economics columnist.

I became increasingly alarmed, however, as NR and its friends grew in strength because I knew, from innumerable conversations with rightist intellectuals, what their foreign policy goal was. They never quite dared to state it publicly, although they would slyly imply it and would try to whip the public up to the fever pitch of demanding it. What they wanted—and still want—was nuclear annihilation of the Soviet Union. They want to drop that Bomb on Moscow. (Of course, on Peking and Hanoi too, but for your veteran anti-communist—especially back then—it is Russia which supplies the main focus of his venom.) A prominent editor of National Review once told me: "I have a vision, a great vision of the future: a totally devastated Soviet Union." I knew that it was this vision that really animated the new conservatism.

In response to all this, and seeing peace as the crucial political issue, a few friends and I became Stevensonian Democrats in 1960. I watched with increasing horror as the right wing, led by National Review, continually grew in strength and moved ever closer to real political power.

HAVING BROKEN EMOTIONALLY with the right wing, our tiny group of libertarians began to rethink many of our old, unexamined premises. First, we restudied the origins of the Cold War, we read our D.F. Fleming and we concluded, to our considerable surprise, that the United States was solely at fault in the Cold War, and that Russia was the aggrieved party. And this meant that the great danger to the peace and freedom of the world came not from Moscow or "international communism," but from the U.S. and its Empire stretching across and dominating the world.

And then we studied the foul European conservatism that had taken over the right wing; here we had statism in a virulent form, and yet no one could possibly think these conservatives to be "leftist." But this meant that our simple "left/total government—right/no government" continuum was altogether wrong and that our whole identification of ourselves as "extreme rightists" must contain a basic flaw. Plunging back into history, we again concentrated on the reality that in the 19th century, *laissez-faire* liberals and radicals were on the extreme left and our ancient foes, the conservatives, on the right. My old friend and libertarian colleague Leonard Liggio then came up with the following analysis of the historical process.

First there was the old order, the *ancien régime*, the regime of caste and frozen status, of exploitation by a despotic ruling class, using the church to dupe the masses into accepting its rule. This was pure statism; this was the right wing. Then, in 17th and 18th century western Europe, a liberal and radical opposition movement arose, our heroes, who championed a popular revolutionary movement on behalf of rationalism, individual liberty, minimal government, free markets, international peace and separation of church and state, in opposition to throne and altar, to monarchy, the ruling class, theocracy and war. These—"our people"—were the left, and the purer their vision the more "extreme" they were.

So far so good; but what of socialism, which we had always considered the extreme left? Where did that fit in? Liggio analyzed socialism as a confused middle-of-the-road movement, influenced historically by both the libertarian left and the conservative right. From the individualist left the socialists took the goals of freedom: the withering away of the state, the replacement of the governing of men by the administration of things, opposition to the ruling class and a search for its overthrow, the desire to establish international peace, an advanced industrial economy and a high standard of living for the mass of the people. From the right the socialists adopted the means to achieve these goals—collectivism, state planning, community control of the individual. This put socialism in the middle of the ideological spectrum. It also meant that socialism was an unstable, self-contradictory doctrine bound to fly apart in the inner contradiction between its means and ends.

Our analysis was greatly bolstered by our becoming familiar with the new and exciting group of historians who studied under University of Wisconsin historian William Appleman Williams. From them we discovered that all of us free marketeers had erred in believing that somehow, down deep, Big Businessmen were *really* in favor of *laissez-faire*, and that their deviations from it, obviously clear and notorious in recent years, were either "sellouts" of principle to expediency or the result of astute maneuverings by liberal intellectuals.

This is the general view on the right; in the remarkable phrase of Ayn Rand, Big Business is "America's most persecuted minority." Persecuted minority, indeed! Sure, there were thrusts against Big Business in the old McCormick Chicago Tribune and in the writings of Albert Jay Nock; but it took the Williams-Kolko analysis to portray the true anatomy and physiology of the American scene.

As Kolko pointed out, all the various measures of federal regulation and welfare statism that left and right alike have always believed to be mass movements against Big Business are not only now backed to the hilt by Big Business, but were originated by it for the very purpose of shifting from a free market to a cartelized economy that would benefit it. Imperialistic foreign policy and the permanent garrison state originated in the Big Business drive for foreign investments and for war contracts at home.

The role of the liberal intellectuals is to serve as "corporate liberals," weavers of sophisticated apologias to inform the masses that the heads of the American corporate state are ruling on behalf of the "common good" and the "general welfare"—like the priest in the Oriental despotism who convinced the masses that their emperor was all-wise and divine.

SINCE THE EARLY '60s, as the National Review right has moved nearer to political power, it has jettisoned its old libertarian remnants and has drawn ever closer to the liberals of the Great American Consensus. Evidence of this abounds. There is Bill Buckley's ever-widening popularity in the mass media and among liberal intellectuals, as well as widespread admiration on the intellectual right for people and groups it once despised: for the New Leader, for Irving Kristol, for the late Felix Frankfurter (who always opposed judicial restraint on government invasions of individual liberty), for Hannah Arendt and Sidney Hook. Despite occasional bows to the free market, conservatives have come to agree that economic issues are unimportant; they therefore accept—or at least do not worry about—the major outlines of the Keynesian

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welfare-warfare state of liberal corporatism.

On the domestic front, virtually the only conservative interests are to suppress Negroes ("shoot looters," "crush those riots"), to call for more power for the police so as not to "shield the criminal" (i.e., not to protect his libertarian rights), to enforce prayer in the public schools, to put Reds and other subversives and "seditionists" in jail and to carry on the crusade for war abroad. There is little in the thrust of this program with which liberals can now disagree; any disagreements are tactical or matters of degree only. Even the Cold War—including the war in Vietnam—was begun and maintained and escalated by the liberals themselves.

No wonder that liberal Daniel Moynihan—a national board member of ADA incensed at the radicalism of the current anti-war and Black Power movements—should recently call for a formal alliance between liberals and conservatives, since after all they basically agree on these, the two crucial issues of our time! Even Barry Goldwater has gotten the message; in January 1968 in National Review, Goldwater concluded an article by affirming that he is not against liberals, that liberals are needed as a counterweight to conservatism, and that he had in mind a fine liberal like Max Lerner—Max Lerner, the epitome of the old left, the hated symbol of my youth!

IN RESPONSE TO OUR ISOLATION from the right, and noting the promising signs of libertarian attitudes in the emerging new left, a tiny band of us ex-rightist libertarians founded the "little journal," Left and Right, in the spring of 1965. We had two major purposes: to make contact with libertarians already on the new left and to persuade the bulk of libertarians or quasi-libertarians who remained on the right to follow our example. We have been gratified in both directions: by the remarkable shift toward libertarian and anti-statist positions of the new left, and by the significant number of young people who have left the right-wing movement.

This left/right tendency has begun to be noticeable on the new left, praised and damned by those aware of the situation. (Our old colleague Ronald Hamoway, an historian at Stanford, set forth the left/right position in the New Republic collection, *Thoughts of the Young Radicals* [1966].) We have received gratifying encouragement from Carl Oglesby who, in his *Containment and Change* (1967), advocated a coalition of new left and old right, and from the young scholars grouped around the unfortunately now defunct Studies on the Left. We've also been criticized, if indirectly, by Staughton Lynd, who worries because our ultimate goals—free market as against socialism—differ.

Finally, liberal historian Martin Duberman, in a recent issue of Partisan Review, sharply criticizes SNCC and CORE for being "anarchists," for rejecting the authority of the state, for insisting that community be voluntary, and for stressing, along with SDS, participatory instead of representative democracy. Perceptively, if on the wrong side of the fence, Duberman then links SNCC and the new left with us old rightists: "SNCC and CORE, like the Anarchists, talk increasingly of the supreme importance of the individual. They do so, paradoxically, in a rhetoric strongly reminiscent of that long associated with the right. It could be Herbert Hoover . . . but it is in fact Rap Brown who now reiterates the Negro's need to stand on his own two feet, to make his own decisions, to develop self-reliance and a sense of self-worth. SNCC may be scornful of present-day liberals and 'statism,' but it seems hardly to realize that the *laissez-faire* rhetoric it prefers derives almost verbatim from the classic liberalism of John Stuart Mill." Tough. It could, I submit, do a lot worse.

I HOPE I HAVE DEMONSTRATED why a few compatriots and I have shifted, or rather been shifted, from "extreme right" to "extreme left" in the past 20 years merely by staying in the same basic ideological place. The right wing, once in determined opposition to Big Government, has now become the conservative wing of the American corporate state and its foreign policy of expansionist imperialism. If we would salvage liberty from this deadening left/right fusion on the center, this needs be done through a counter-fusion of old right and new left.

James Burnham, an editor of National Review and its main strategic thinker in waging the "Third World War" (as he entitles his column), the prophet of the managerial state (in *The Managerial Revolution*), whose only hint of positive interest in liberty in a lifetime of political writing was a call for legalized firecrackers, recently attacked the dangerous trend among some young conservatives to make common cause with the left in opposing the draft. Burnham warned that he learned in his Trotskyite days that this would be an "unprincipled" coalition, and he warned that if one begins by being anti-draft one might wind up opposed to the war in Vietnam: "And I rather think that some of them are at heart, or are getting to be, against the war. Murray Rothbard has shown how right-wing libertarianism can lead to almost as anti-U.S. a position as left-wing libertarianism does. And a strain of isolationism has always been endemic in the American right."

This passage symbolizes how deeply the whole thrust of the right wing has changed in the last two decades. Vestigial interest in liberty or in opposition to war and imperialism are now considered deviations to be stamped out without delay. There are millions of Americans, I am convinced, who are still devoted to individual liberty and opposition to the leviathan state at home and abroad, Americans who call themselves "conservatives" but feel that something has gone very wrong with the old anti-New Deal and anti-Fair Deal cause.

Something *has* gone wrong: the right wing has been captured and transformed by elitists and devotees of the European conservative ideals of order and militarism, by witch hunters and global crusaders, by statists who wish to coerce "morality" and suppress "sedition."

America was born in a revolution against Western imperialism, born as a haven of freedom against the tyrannies and despotism, the wars and intrigues of the old world. Yet we have allowed ourselves to sacrifice the American ideals of peace and freedom and anti-colonialism on the altar of a crusade to kill communists throughout the world; we have surrendered our libertarian birthright into the hands of those who yearn to restore the Golden Age of the Holy Inquisition. It is about time that we wake up and rise up to restore our heritage.

Murray N. Rothbard, editor of Left and Right, is an associate professor of economics at Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute. Among the books and articles he has written is America's Great Depression *(Van Nostrand, 1963).*

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Back-of-the-Book

Candy Barr in Time & Space

Photograph by Baron Wolman

"Smart Alec"

by Stephen Schneck

Speculations and Extrapolations
On the Nature and Dynamics of Reelife
As it Relates To Realife.

CAN ENORMOUSLY POPULAR pornographic film of the late '40s or early '50s, entitled "Smart Alec," advances and develops certain contradictions in our perceptual existence. It is a 27-1/2-minute (uncut print) black and grey motion picture starring Miss Candy Barr, made and distributed by persons unknown but not altogether unappreciated. Which is not to maintain that this film is entirely successful in its erotic intention. As stag films go, "Smart Alec" is merely run-of-the-pornographic mill.

But to assess this film according to its intent or its content is to fall into the very dreary, very predictable, very limited art trap. In "Smart Alec," we are faced with considerations other than erotic which invite a serious examination of what appears upon first viewing to be essentially chaste and broadly comic, 100 per cent pornographic and equally innocuous: a dirty movie devoid of depravity and blessed with the magnificent performance of a natural—Miss Candy Barr—doing her thing.

Or so it seems at first. But now look a little longer, look a little further and from another angle, and lo, the universe tips. One might not expect to encounter such portentous imbalances in an admittedly simplistic stag film; however, one may not avoid them, even though they are but optical illusions, only visual demonstrations of certain philosophical paradoxes.

It matters not at all, for Candy Barr and her co-star, Alec (the all-American stud), really deserve a pair of big, blue

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ribbons for having so much fun, stark naked, in front of a movie camera.

Alec is, shall we say, competent. But we must note that he is unfairly disadvantaged by Candy Barr, and we bless her delicious, big breasted, big buttock'd, well-fleshed, hillbilly body . . . the shameless scene-stealer.

ON SCREEN. *Exterior. Daytime. Establishing shots of a motel pool. Candy Barr and Alec, attired in modest bathing suits, frolic innocently at poolside.*

[TECHNICAL ASIDE.] This, technically speaking, marks a mild departure from conventions. For obvious reasons, the pornographic film rarely utilizes an uncontrolled environment, very rarely is shot out-of-doors. The opening sequence of "Smart Alec" resembles countless home movies and takes on an aura of *déja vu*, as this introductory sequence ends with Candy and Alec, holding hands, taking that long walk from poolside to [JUMP CUT] bedside.

Most pornographic movie makers (as well as home movie makers) find that sophisticated optical effects like FADE-INS and FADE-OUTS are too costly for their budgets. To compensate, a cine-style termed "the spastic narrative" has evolved. This is a method of making the most out of inferior equipment, compounded by substandard processing and further depraved by footage which is shown over and over again until the sprockets are broken and the film runs in little spurts instead of smoothly through the home movie projector on which it is usually exhibited. This produces your basic grey flicker which separates the authentic "dirty" movie from those expensive, fraudulent, slick nudies that pretend to be something more (when, in fact, they are something less).

ON SCREEN. *Interior. The Perfect Motel Bedroom Set. Candy Barr and Alec undress and demonstrate foreplay which builds to normal variations of standard copulatory stances. This early segment of the film (6 min. 32.7 sec.) is distinguished by nothing more than their remarkable physiques. Which suffice. Both Miss Barr and Alec are Performers of the fundamental, or capital "P" for "Performing" school. They bang and bounce and screw like crazy.*

Finite detail establishes the reality that waits just OFF CAMERA. Note, for example, a pint of bourbon and Coke bottles on the bedside table. Bourbon and Coke, of course, is the most popular drink on the southwestern sporting scene. Add to this the omnipresent hand towel crumpled at the foot of the bed—the bed from which the pillows have been removed to prevent obstructing the camera's view—and the half-squeezed tube of K-Y jelly which is included in a SLOW PAN; all this prevents the audience from imagining that the scene flickering on the screen is unreal. These generalized images are the traces of genius, the authenticating minutiae which permit the merging of the external reality with the reality of the grey flickers. So we have a theatrical success, after which it becomes something more than theatre.

ON SCREEN. *Medium shot of Alec performing cunnilingus on Candy Barr. Now he moves into position to allow her to return the flavor. But she refuses. He insists. She wriggles away. They wrestle.*

This, the Rape Sequence (2 min. 5 sec.), consists of a series of QUICK CUTS: tight shots of Alec attempting to force Candy Barr to blow his mind. She fights back. Alec, visibly stung by a slap on the ear, forgets that this is "only a movie" and viciously twists Candy Barr's arm. The expression on her face is not simulated, it's real. *The pain is real.*

And still, it is *only a movie.* The audience, along with Alec, may be forgiven if, for a grey, flickering instant, it cannot tell the difference.

Meanwhile, ON SCREEN, *frustration dampens Alec's ardor and he pushes Candy away, rises from the bed and crosses the room. A pregnant pause, a long moment of hesitation, and then Miss Barr also gets off the bed and pads across the room. We witness a genuinely touching, non-theatrical gesture of true comradeship as Candy puts a conciliatory, naked arm around her antagonist's shoulder. This act is no act at all but perfectly consistent, perfectly in character, for clearly, Candy Barr is a good ol' Okie gal with a heart as big as her bosom.*

Making good use of silent film technique, she pantomimes: SUDDEN IDEA! *a bolt from the blue (as it were), and goes to the dresser, a highboy, on which* a telephone is waiting.

We have already remarked upon the superb utilization of authenticating details. We come now to what Murray so aptly termed "*the implicit item*," that is, any circumstantial act or article which triggers a progressive or consecutive line of reason that curves in upon itself in a self-reflexive arc, not unlike the Japanese Duck Pop.*

In other words, if one is able to see what's in front of one's eyes, one begins to suspect that one is seeing a bit more than meets the eye.

ON SCREEN. *Candy Barr is making a phone call. Now observe carefully* [FREEZE FRAME]: throughout the entire telephone conversation Candy is holding the receiver down. *Consider and conjecture . . . Is this merely ineptitude? Or have we stubbed our foreheads on a corner of the profound?*

Consider the implications. That common act of expediency—holding the receiver down—ties art and actuality together. A philo-metasophical splice. It mingles make-believe with veracity, reminding us that the limits of reality are not static but shift like dreams.

Since Candy Barr is holding the receiver down, we must conclude that the motel room is not only a movie set but

* The Japanese Duck Pop is an Oriental demonstration of the Zen precept: "Everything flows." It is accomplished by inserting one's left hand into a duck's anus, reaching up inside the duck until one can grasp the top of the bird's head between thumb and index finger; then, with just the right flick of the wrist, one pulls the duck inside out through the duck's own asshole. This creates the celebrated POP! into which our duck disappears.

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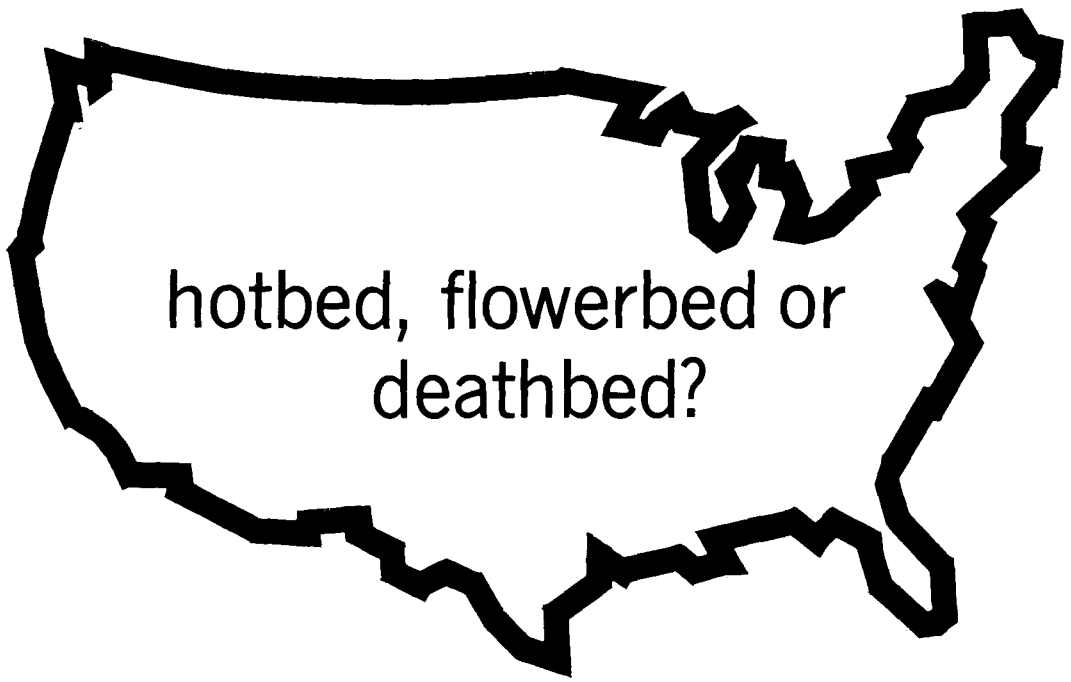

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a real motel room as well. A movie set and a real room simultaneously. This means that Candy and Alec are not only performers, they are also real people, real naked people, making love in front of a camera. The fact that they are making love for the *benefit* of the camera negates their reality not at all. For isn't it a fact that in real life people make love for reasons far stranger?

It is not rational to doubt the existence of reality within this grey, flickering frame. Candy Barr is holding the receiver down for the obvious reason: *it is not a fake phone she is using*, even though she is faking her phone conversation. It is an authentic, true-to-life, very real, working telephone and it is hooked up to the motel's switchboard. If Candy Barr didn't hold the receiver down, a voice from the World Outside (the real world) would be heard in Movieland.

This telephone we have focused upon may be termed a real-fake telephone. Now you and I know for a fact that we belong to the Real World, but extrapolation on the significant telephone brings us to the conclusion that this Real World would be sucked into the dirty grey flickers if Sweety-Bar merely took her pinkie off the receiver. If that happened, an amber light would flash on the switchboard and the operator would answer, "Hello, may I help you?"

This, we must note, is singularly appropriate, considering what comes next on the soundless track. According to a professional lip-reader's unofficial report, Candy Barr, during her faked phone conversation, is saying, "Hello Betty, this is your old friend, Candy. How about coming over here and doing me a favor?" "Switchboard," says the operator. "May I help you?" Again, fantasy dovetails nicely into reality. Soon we shall begin to suspect that perhaps they are not such absolutely distinct entities, but are in fact, two of a kind.

The action ON SCREEN continues.

Indifferent to her own implications, Candy Barr hangs up and we [JUMP CUT] *move to a rearview of her seated on the bed, facing the door, waiting. We don't need sound to hear someone knocking at the door. Reacting broadly, she leaps off the bed and rushes to the door. Then, making no effort to mask the gesture, Candy Barr throws the door open wide . . . and Betty Blojhob steps out of the closet!*

FREEZE FRAME.

A call for help sent out over a dead telephone would naturally bring somebody knocking at your closet door.

Betty is a horse-faced, rawboned stringbean of a girl, with black stringy hair pasted in damp ringlets against her forehead. Nothing fancy, just a down-home, out-front country girl: a simple, straight-forward, hard-working whore, an obvious asset to any provincial sporting house. To watch her work is to understand the solar-meaning of the phrase, "earning her bread by the sweat of her brow."

Her relation to reality may be inelegant, but it's also delightfully candid and unabashedly utilitarian; also, existential. As for example, during the Fellatio Sequence (2 min. 19 sec.): she lifts her head and stares straight into the camera; her lips move. "Is this what I'm supposed to do?" Like a real Betty, she isn't used to *Being In The Movies.*

The wrong sort of film director might have cried "CUT," cursed poor Betty and reshot the sequence to avoid *breaking the reality.* By looking directly into the camera—a cardinal sin in traditional, or dead, theatre arts—by the expression on her face and by asking the cameraman a question, she is acknowledging the fact that the scene is being photographed. She is, inadvertently, reminding the stag film audience that the activities on screen are not derived from real life but from a fiction.

Nonsense. She is not breaking the (theatrical) reality; she is establishing a greater reality, a total reality. And this total reality exists at this poignant moment thanks to Betty's inability to improvise some gestures that further the artistic occasion (the plot). It's make-believe; at best, it is a fictive reality and it is taking place because a camera is photographing it. We cannot see the camera, but we can and do see Betty who is seeing the camera, and that is reality once removed.

ON SCREEN. *Alec turns Betty around so that she becomes the 6 to his 9. This takes place in the* FOREGROUND. *In the* BACKGROUND *Candy Barr is seated on a chintz-covered easy chair, observing the bed play. In other words, Candy is doing just what her audience is doing,* only from the opposite angle. *Any freshman logician can grasp the significance of the reversed positioning. But it requires a deviate phenomenologist to guess what Candy does now.*

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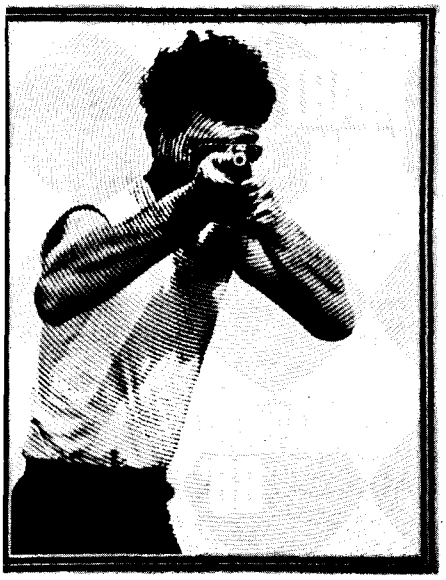

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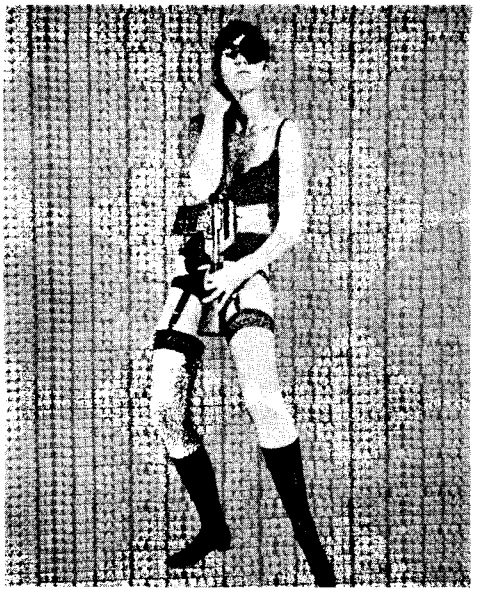

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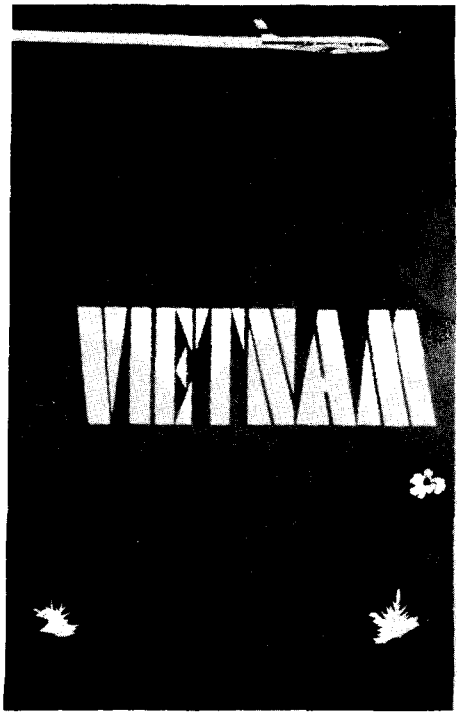

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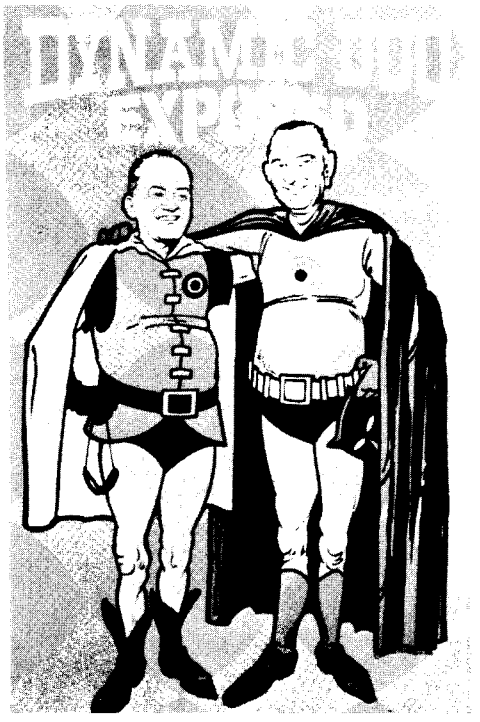

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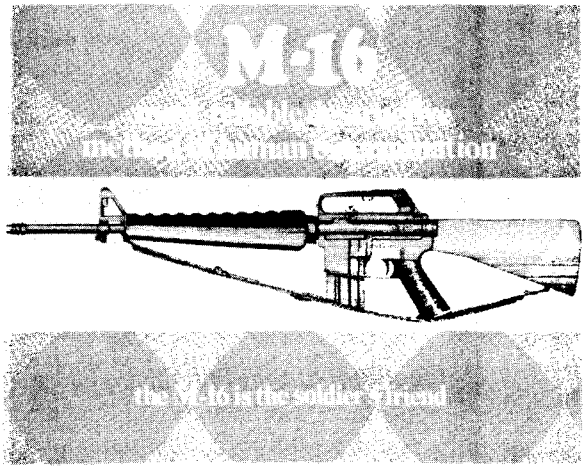

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Miss Barr rises indignantly from her chair and crosses to the bed. She pushes Betty Blojhob off Alec's face, mounts Alec's chest; the camera PULLS BACK *to show her straddling Alec. His hands reach up and cup her breasts vigorously. His mouth is also busy—we may not explicitly delineate his activities, but surely no one will be offended if we remark that Candy, apparently, is touched; she waves above him like a flag, while Betty writhes below, lower left corner of the frame.* A BLACKOUT. *Further corroboration to the natural order of all natural things.*

Then, in white letters against a flickering grey background, a single phrase flashes ON SCREEN:

—THE END—

But, this reviewer contends, it is not the end. To view the secret second segment, leave the projection lamp on and flick the switch from FORWARD to REWIND and watch *the film in reverse.*

Isn't it much easier to understand why and how Betty B. came out of the closet when we see her get off the bed during the rewind, slip back into her dress, cross the room and step into the closet which Candy Barr opens for her. Only when we observe her *entering* the closet can we fully accept her stepping out of the closet. An audience that is struck by the unreality of a woman stepping out of a closet should not be less impressed by a woman stepping into a closet.

The film's logic continues—perfect, insane, invisible, unavoidable. *What comes out of closets once went into them.* But apply this axiom to half the mysteries (any mysteries) and one has twice as many mysteries.

The REWIND appears to rephrase the paradoxes by making them circuitous. The appearance is deceptive. In any event it is no resolution, it is merely a different approach. Every artist knows that no nuance was ever hurt by being stood on its head, reversed, and played back. Neither does it detract from a work of art to commence with the title:

—THE END—

FLASHING ON SCREEN, and continuing from there. Some maintain that the REWIND builds with superior dramatic intensity to a more valid conclusion.

ON SCREEN. *Exterior. Candy Barr and Alec, hand in hand, walking backwards, away from the motel bedroom. The artificial setting for the carnal fiction recedes and the motel's pool* (the World Outside) *rises up to fill the void. Candy Barr and Alec, back in their bathing suits, frolic innocently along the side of the pool.*

—STEPHEN SCHNECK

—An excerpt from *In and Out of the Movies*, a critical work-in-progress, by Mr. Schneck.

BOOKS

The Impossible Dream

THE COMMITTEE: THE EXTRAORDINARY CAREER OF THE HOUSE COMMITTEE ON UNAMERICAN ACTIVITIES. *By Walter Goodman. New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 564 pp. $10.*

You know the prudent man; if you read newspapers, you're familiar with his opinions passing for facts. Not a racist, he knows no blacks; not a sadist, he reports from behind police lines; not prowar, he reserves his deepest ironies for the messiness of dissent in the streets. Given a chance, each prudent wordman has a lifetime dream: to rid himself of the cursed war between time and truth and tell the *real* story of a field he thinks of as his own.

But lifetime habits die hard. The prudent man has been telling stories all his life, gently debunking myths which *he* holds *we* hold, gently urging us into confrontation with the bipolarity of all issues (there are at most and at least two sides to every question, usually canceling each other out). Power concerns the prudent man only insofar as it produces or induces foible; though he may spend 20 years in constant contact with arrogant, vicious, small-minded men, his commitment to "democratic values" is such that he detects no illness in what these men are doing when he gets down to writing the *real* story. He merely discovers a lamentable circus.

Walter Goodman is a prudent man. He has managed an extraordinary feat: he has produced a 564-page book on the House Un-American Activities Committee without once describing the structure of the Committee's staff; without ever analyzing its expenditures; without giving the reader a glimpse into its famous files; without more than summarily describing the lives and careers of its members and counsels; without seemingly having interviewed anyone but the drawer of old newspaper clippings he has rewritten; having devoted less than a half-dozen pages to the Committee's relations with the FBI; with only one mention of the CIA.

Of course, the Committee has been into some messy things over the years, and Goodman prudently finds these upsetting to his sense of order. But time cures all things; it's all right, for example, that the Committee has wrecked lives and inspired deep cynicism, because it is in the nature of our nation that raids and deportations pass "smoothly into the euphoria" of another era (in this case, Harding's). It's all right that newspapers scream and distort; they aren't partial, they're just looking for "good copy." "Good copy" is not, however, likely to be found in those "organs of our liberal intelligentsia" which protested the Committee's behavior in the '30s. Ain't no good copy in "statements of principle that give off a sickly glow in the unsentimental light of history."

History? History is a collection of stories with mottos such as: "non-Communists learned early; many learned late; a few will never learn." With such morality underlying its judgments, it is unsurprising that this chronological account of the Committee is of almost no use as a study of its subject—unless its subject is Walter Goodman. There are some gaps in general knowledge about the Committee's early years which might be filled. There are also some rather nice resurrections of Richard Nixon, boy Red-hunter. But after a while the stream of self-consciousness which is Walter Goodman at work becomes an impossible barrier to learning anything. What is one to make of a man citing "organizations ranging from genuine civil libertarian to mere Communist" when he never begins to tell us what he thinks is genuine? What are the real hang-ups of a man who comes to the conclusion that after the 1967 hearings fiasco in Washington, "the nation had been shown that the peace movement was infested by a rude bunch of America-haters"?

Goodman's rhetoric can only lead to private satisfactions ("Those who in 1948 associated themselves with the sad cause of Alger Hiss made an error for which the liberal cause would pay in the next half-dozen years") and public pontifications ("the overwhelming majority of witnesses called before the Com-

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mittee had been correctly marked down as members or former members of the Communist Party"). These attitudes, plus the conviction that "both sides" underestimate the "realism and endurance of our institutions," will doubtless qualify Goodman as an expert Red raider in his future chronicles of our times.

—L. M. BENSKY

CINEMA

Godard: Master of the Clean Home Movie

JEAN-LUC GODARD IS THE undisputed Great Film Maker, synonymous with some kind of hip for everyone from Renata Adler to Jonas Mekas. Yet as his latest effort, "La Chinoise," shows it is hard to find ordinary movie fans for whom he is Favorite Film Maker as well.

Favorite Films—"Jules and Jim," "Dr. Strangelove," "Blow-Up," "Bonnie and Clyde"—are rarely avant-garde. Those I have named (they're not necessarily mine—they came off the top of my head) all combine excellence in the traditional canons—careful frame construction; swift, graceful editing; brilliant acting; tight, rich plot; cathartic climax—with an acutely contemporary mood or theme. In this latter respect such films are of course prophetic, since they generally arrive just in time to articulate a social trend, or create one. But artistically they open no doors.

The fifth Favorite Film of the '60s is Godard's "Breathless." Because it introduced superstar Jean-Paul Belmondo and resurrected Jean Seberg, and even more because it told a story and ended with a nice moral flourish, everyone could dig it. (It was also a model of jump cutting and hand-held camera.) Since "Breathless," Godard has ground out films at an extraordinary pace—14 features in under ten years. Despite his indifferent commercial appeal, he has no trouble finding backers: they know he will do the job and do it cheap. All of his films have their fans, but none has developed anything like the "Breathless" cult, and one senses that much of the audience attends out of some uncomprehending obligation—because they know it's chic, because they sense something with which they are not quite ready to deal, or both.

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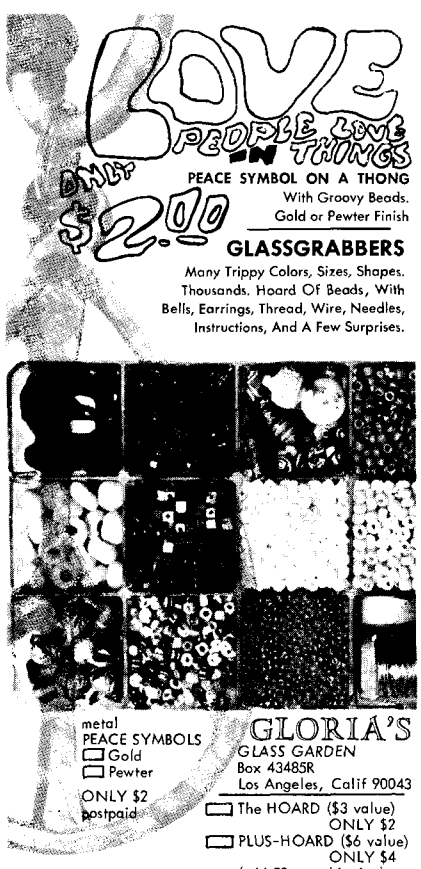

Godard has always been fascinated with violence and, by extension, with America. Like most French directors, he loves Hollywood, and the mood of many of his early films came out of the gangster movies. Bogart, of course, was the key symbol, personified by Belmondo and representing a somewhat sentimental brand of existential toughness. But as far back as "Les Carabiniers" (1963) Godard was revealing a pro-Marx, anti-American political concern that could not long coexist with that ambiguous Hollywood *machismo*. At the same time he began to concentrate on the young, who defined themselves pro or con in Pop, hence American, terms. These ambivalences were melded in "Masculine Feminine," which Godard said could have been called "The Children of Marx and Coca-Cola."

Now we have Godard's Mao movie, "La Chinoise." Maoists will not like it, nor will those who just don't care about Mao, but for those in between it is a masterpiece. Not since "Les Carabiniers" has Godard bothered to make his ironies so explicit, and this is a much more subtle film. It is about five young Maoists who borrow a luxurious apartment for one summer: a girl student (the title character), a painter, an actor, a scientist and a peasant girl turned char turned prostitute turned revolutionary.

On the simplest level the film concerns itself with the absurdity of petty-bourgeois Maoism. The actor calls himself "a worker in the world's theater industry." The painter (named Kirilov) commits suicide because "if Marxism-Leninism is true, then all is permitted." La Chinoise tells a professor that picking apples when she had to cram helped her excel in her exams. But physical labor in the apartment is apparently not so salutory—the peasant ends up with all of it, happy to be among comrades who can tell her what "analysis" means—only they can't. The Little Red Book lines the shelves and covers the floors; they even do calisthenics with it. But when they must analyze social conditions, they never get beyond muddled exegeses of social conditions in, naturally, education and the arts.

That's why Maoists won't like the film. But if it sounds heavy and obvious, keep in mind the peculiar tone which is Godard's great contribution to film making. True or false, the rumor that he has just completed a feature in Super-8, Kodak's home-movie gauge, is the perfect metaphor for the casual look of his movies. He never seems to try. Godard can compose a frame like a master, but every once in a while a stray hand will appear, just to remind us that it's not as serious as all that. His disdain for traditional narrative serves a similar function, as do the desultory interviews and expositions, the intercut slogans and cartoons, and all the other trappings of Godard's language. He is a great artist, but he doesn't give a damn for Art, which is why, I believe, he holds his audience.

It is only in such a throwaway framework that the fragility of what moves and heartens Godard about his young cadre can come through. For this is no put-down. Rather, it is as if the "contradictions" of the cadre's situation are given; how they embody the contradictions is what matters. The scientist is expelled for revisionism when he refuses to go along with a useless terrorist program. His arguments are very cogent. So are those of the likable radical professor who tells la Chinoise that she must understand society before she can change it. "I do," she replies. "Everything is terrible." There is something in the desperate purity of that analysis that gets to Godard beyond all cogency.

In the end, la Chinoise kills two men, one by mistake, with that emotional blankness that always accompanies violence in Godard's films. Then her cousin comes home and the apartment must be abandoned. She seems a little depressed, standing there with her Little Red Book as the cousin tsk-tsks. Something is wrong. But, she says, even if it was "fiction" it helped her understand "reality." It is one more step on "the long march."

There is no telling where the march will lead la Chinoise, but for Godard it seems to have been a circle. He has not abandoned the Bogart mystique. He has simply transferred it from the tough, embattled outsiders like Belmondo to the children of Marx and Coca-Cola—the young who are seeking a politic, who murder with that same proud abandon and who are saints in spite or because of it. La Chinoise is heroic not for her acts but for her style. Maybe good will come of it. Maybe not.

Doubtless the Maoists won't like that either. —Robert Christgau

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OUR NEW PUBLISHING PLAN

[THE BIWEEKLY RAMPARTS]

BEGINNING THIS ISSUE, Ramparts is publishing fortnightly in the same format in which it has appeared as a monthly magazine, but with added news and review sections. The subscription price of the monthly magazine was $8.50 for 12 issues; the price of the biweekly will be $15 for 24 issues, effective June 1, 1968.

[SAVINGS FOR INTRODUCTORY SUBSCRIBERS]

FOR A VERY LIMITED TIME, new subscribers to the monthly Ramparts will be able to enter their subscriptions at a special courtesy rate of only $3.87 for 8 issues—thus achieving a substantial savings over the newsstand cost.

To take advantage of the special rates, fill out the envelope you will find in this issue. Gift subscriptions may be entered at the same rates.

[BENEFICIAL CONSEQUENCES OF THE NEW PLAN]

ADVANCE RENEWALS from our current subscribers, in addition to new subscriptions and renewals at the higher yearly rate, will create a situation whereby Ramparts' economic independence will be tied to our ability to produce a magazine which continues to please and stimulate our readers—literally a two-party contract between the readers and the editors. *That* is an economic control we are willing and eager to accept.

Relieved of the burden of raising operating capital, the editors can concentrate on their first calling. The consequent unleashing of editorial energies will enable us to utilize our staff and extensive news gathering facilities more efficiently and economically and produce two Ramparts a month instead of one. We suspect the expanded Ramparts will both amaze and delight you with the vitality of its journalism and the scope of its insights.

The new subscription rates will mean, in addition, that the publisher can turn his energies from short-term financial problems to the long-term job of improving subscriber service and seeing that our readers get their issues on time.

[AN ECONOMIC BONUS FOR SUBSCRIBERS FROM BIWEEKLY PUBLICATION]

TO ACHIEVE RAMPARTS' goal of financial stability and independence, it would have been necessary to raise subscription rates substantially even if the magazine remained a monthly.

However, subscribers to the biweekly will reap a financial benefit from Ramparts' booming national newsstand sales at a full 75 cents per copy. The additional income from increased newsstand sales of the more frequent magazine will in effect subsidize the extra issue delivered to subscribers' mailboxes each month.

[A SENSE OF EDITORIAL URGENCY]

RAMPARTS' INCREASE in frequency reflects the editors' sense of urgency in keeping up with the unprecedented pace of the news—confusing and often distressing—in this year of national decision. It is incumbent on a magazine which exists solely to serve its readers to stay abreast, even ahead, of events in the turbulent period ahead.

As a biweekly, Ramparts will always be on top of the news—explaining, analyzing and when necessary exposing.

The decision to expand publication is also related to the editors' growing concern that the withdrawal of Johnson from the presidential race may serve to obscure the basic issues in the vital national debate that was beginning to arise over this nation's goals and means. The biweekly Ramparts will strive to keep the issues from being buried in campaign oratory and to guard against an already discernible tendency toward a slightly more sophisticated version of the same liberal rhetoric which has dominated American politics for decades.

[ADDITIONAL EDITORIAL FEATURES]

THE RAMPARTS you will receive twice monthly will be almost identical to the monthly magazine which has consistently won awards for the quality of its artwork and journalism.

But there will be two important format additions:

The front of the magazine will consist of a special eight-page spot news section in which Ramparts correspondents across the nation and abroad will report on news that is either neglected or distorted by the daily press and the weekly newsmagazines. Categories regularly covered in this new section will include: The Secret Government; The American Empire; The Blacks; The Movement; The Church; Lies & Mistakes; The Other America; People Not in the News; The War Machine; and others.

The back of the biweekly Ramparts will contain greatly expanded coverage of the arts and other leisure diversions. In addition to book, movie, television and theatre reviews—which will never be entrusted to members of the Establishment—the new "Back-of-the-Book" will print regular special reports on the press, science and the law, and evaluations of important figures from Herbert Marcuse to Otis Redding.

[FASTER SERVICE]

TO SPEED DELIVERY of the new biweekly to both subscribers and newsstands, Ramparts will be printed on both seaboards beginning June 1. According to the post office, this innovation will cut the mailing time of the magazine from an average of 12 to 14 days to an average of five to seven days.

[COMING SOON]

FEATURES PLANNED for the first few editions of the biweekly Ramparts include: The U.S. Occupation Forces in Vietnam—a startling two-part series by Don Duncan; Pornography Today—an extraordinary study of a booming American industry; Whites with Guns—how our suburbs are becoming armed camps; several articles on the problems of today's Cuba, including an interview with Fidel Castro, by Robert Scheer; Smokey the Bear as a Firebug First Class by Howard Gossage; The Public and Private Nelson Rockefeller; J. Edgar Hoover at Play; The Foreign Policy Establishment; Puerto Rico—the U.S.'s largest colony; the story behind the German Students' revolt; an amusing report on the unexpected labor strike at a hippie radio station; the Texas Rangers; and several classified journalistic coups now in the making.

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CORRESPONDENCE

ON KOPKIND ON McCARTHY

SIRS: I profoundly regret the appearance of Andrew Kopkind's article on the McCarthy campaign in the March issue. It seems to me a great pity that an article composed mainly of sneers and predictions of failure should have been your magazine's offering at the beginning of the critical phase of the campaign of the only candidate who is giving Democrats an opportunity to make known their rejection of Johnson's war policy.

McCarthy's supporters, of whom I am one, may reasonably hope that his candidature may elicit sufficient evidence of opposition to the war among the Democratic section of the electorate to act as a brake against the process of escalation and to start serious consideration of the process of disengagement. Mr. Kopkind suggests that this hope is illusory, and even puerile, without however establishing that this is so. Results from New Hampshire and reports from Minnesota seem to conflict with Mr. Kopkind's prediction that "the peace constituency will be discredited" as a result of Senator McCarthy's candidature. On the contrary, the indications at present are that the "peace constituency" is now being taken more seriously than before as a result of that candidature.

I am normally an admirer of Mr. Kopkind's writing and I do not want to say any unnecessary hard words about this article. But I believe it to be helpful to President Lyndon Johnson and the cause of the continued prosecution and escalation of the war in Vietnam.

CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN
New York City

SIRS: Mr. Kopkind cynically remarks that the goals of a campaign are worthy "only if the campaign has a reasonable chance of success." At the risk of sounding naive, may I point out that there is something inherently moral in an act which one knows is foredoomed but which one knows is right. Would Mr. Kopkind have advised the underground forces of World War II or the Hungarian freedom fighters to "cool it" because their cause was likely to "be the loser"?

Mr. Kopkind also states: ". . . it's not how you play the game but whether you win or lose." What, pray tell, is the difference between that statement and the recent remark of Dean Rusk, "I leave questions of morality to a higher power"?

CAROL McMILLEN BENSON
Stockton, California

SIRS: Kopkind's article in the March issue on "The McCarthy Campaign" is unnecessarily harsh on McCarthy as well as on liberals. He implies that liberals attack the Establishment but, when in power, become an Establishment and hence conduct themselves accordingly. In the main, this is true, but how would Kopkind avoid this given the broad spectrum of political interest in the Democratic Party as well as the conservative Congress? Kopkind's reality is that liberals are not all fired-up idealists!

On the other hand, he criticizes McCarthy for his idealism because his campaign lacks "a reasonable chance of success." Since when is that the criterion for protest? In retrospect we now know that McCarthy has taken one burning issue, forthrightly presented it and forced Johnson's abdication. If this is "McCarthy's failure, both personally and politically," so be it, and God save the McCarthys.

JAMES R. HORNICK, Chairman
Lawyers Committee for McCarthy
Allegheny County, Pennsylvania

ON RAY ON CHE

SIRS: We found unforgivable the Michèle Ray article on Che's death [RAMPARTS, March 1968]. Her account read like the script for a James Bond thriller and was about as believable. And worse, the sensationalistic juxtaposition of Che's corpse and Ray's sex appeal seemed to us more demeaning and disrespectful to Che's memory than anything the "capitalist press" has done. They at least do him the honor of fear and hatred, while you salivate lovingly over the corpse for the circulation-boost you can wring out of it.

RAMPARTS is beginning to combine the worst aspects of slick journalism with the most irresponsible kind of addled far leftism. Your naive espousal of guerrilla warfare begins to make sense. The slaughter of a few thousand young Negroes will make a great story, particularly if we can find a buxom blonde reporter to pose opposite the pile of corpses.

INGE P. BELL & DURAN BELL JR.
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